24 SEPTEMBER 1966 2s 6d

london life

ALL THE FUN OF THE FURS

AND WHERE TO BE SEEN IN THEM

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LONDON LIFE

Editor Ian Howard. **Deputy Editor** David Campbell. **Pictures Executive** Jeremy Banks. **Art Editor** Tony Page. **Production Editor** Patrick Brangwyn.

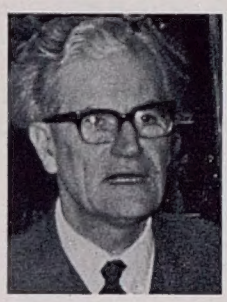
INCORPORATING THE TATLER

London Life looks at Chelsea this week, and gives a microscopic view of the how-mad-can-you-get boutique-&-bistro borough. The borough where you can, if you're lucky (or unlucky, depending on your view) see the gearest gear, the newest dance, the miniest skirts and the latest temporary celebrity. The borough where ice-cubes come out of a slot machine, where men bark like dogs to win bets, and where house values range from tiny cottages at £8,000 to town houses at £27,000. In this issue the Bishop of Southwark takes a look, too, at gaming. Recently he toured some of London's gaming clubs, and he describes his reactions to them. And Tony Hancock, who appears in a one-night stand on Thursday 22 at the Royal Festival Hall, gives his views on audiences, sport and humour. The fashion department have taken a cold look at the long-distance weather forecast, and have shivered their way into fur coats.

WHAT'S IN LONDON LIFE

The new season's fur: express gaiety and personality, as in this pale rose pink bunny coat from Fortnum & Mason, at 204 guineas (with Fenwick scarf, 89s 6d). Peter Akehurst took the picture. More ultra-modern furs, page 35

In Scotland Brigitte Bardot, on location for a new film, helped to cement the Old Alliance, while Gunther Sachs, her new husband, consoled himself on the golf course for her absence. The situation summed up, page 14



The Bishop of Southwark, Dr Mervyn Stockwood, recently made a fact-finding tour of some of London's night spots (London Life, 27 August). Now comes his personal report on this unusual clerical excursion. Page 6

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Tally-ho!

There are some interesting first-nights in London this week. On Thursday 22, the new musical *Jorrocks*, opens at the New Theatre, St Martin's Lane. The music and lyrics are by David Heneker, and appearing in the musical, based on Surtees' jaunty, fox-hunting character, are Joss Ackland, Thelma Ruby and Heather Chasen.

Sarah Churchill

In rather strong contrast, on Monday 26, Sarah Churchill and Hugh Hastings start their one-week show of music, drama, comedy and poetry, at the Arts Theatre Club. In the film world there is an important revival at the Academy Two Cinema, Oxford Street, which is giving the brilliant Russian version of *Hamlet*, starring Innokenti Smoktunovsky.

Bluesfest

The festivally minded can nearly always find something in London to their taste, and a true collector's item is the American Folk Blues Festival at the Albert Hall on Wednesday, 28 September. Such euphoniously named performers as Sleepy John Estes, Little Brother Montgomery and Sippy Wallace will be heard.

Make sure of your London Life every week - see page 58

A BED-ROOM means more than a place to sleep

London's most exhilarating bedroom scene is on at Heal's, starting September 20th. It's the House and Garden Room Parade, designed by Olive Sullivan, it's on the ground floor and you mustn't miss it.
These are more than simply bedrooms. These are rooms for living in: richly-textured, thick-piled, stereophonic, softly-lit, air-conditioned living.
Everything in the exhibition can be bought or ordered. The shop in the Corner has a magnificent range of linens, blankets, bedspreads, rugs and other bedroom trimmings.
It's a great show. But come soon: it ends on October 24th.

Head over to HEAL'S

196 Tottenham Court Road, London W.1 Mus 1666

INSIDE LONDON LIFE

To help his customers, **Renato Cimatti,** owner of Kensington's Flanagans restaurant, has had menus painted on his waitresses' skirts. **Rev W M Atkins,** vicar of St George's in Hanover Square, attacks the "architectural decline" of Mayfair in his parish magazine. **John Mortimer** is flying to Hollywood to start work on the script of *A Flea In Her Ear*. **Tom Hustler** is thinking of rivalling the Playboy Club by introducing "Fanny Girls" dressed in red and black catsuits in his discotheque Fanny's Bistro. **Ronald Kirkbridge,** who has just written his 13th book *Yuki*, has taught his Japanese wife English – now she unravels his income tax forms. **Brian Poole** is splitting up from his group the Tremeloes to go solo on record. **Ida Haendel,** concert violinist, lost four valuable hats, two mink, one leopard and ermine, during a flight between Canada and Paris recently.

It seems no one is interested in paying £500 a month for the late Mr Bernard Sunley's luxurious penthouse near St Paul's Cathedral. The penthouse, at Amen Lodge, has three bedrooms, two bathrooms, dining room, large reception room and study, two terraces, and private car park. Originally Bernard Sunley & Sons wanted to sell it leasehold. But now they have decided to rent the apartment. "We were hoping someone would need a property like that to combine business and entertaining," said a company spokesman. "But apparently there are not enough people in that bracket prepared to pay our sort of rent." Before the Paternoster Development was built the penthouse afforded a perfect view of St Paul's. Now it is blocked out.

Notting Hill West 11, is fast becoming an understudy to Hampstead and Chelsea. A group calling themselves the London Free School is organising the first Notting Hill Fair which they hope to make an annual event. Lasting a week from Sunday, 25 September, the Fair includes a Parade from Henekey's in the Portobello Road; folk music, drama and poetry evenings; and a pageant with floats. Chief Organiser Mrs Rhauni Laslett says: 'We are trying to stimulate the area and develop it culturally. Years ago many trade fairs were held at Notting Hill. The area is also thick with musicians, writers, actors, painters and all sorts of talented people." The London Free School is trying to raise money to finance the fair, which is costing £250. Their other voluntary functions include local welfare work.

A busy time lies ahead for Russian-born British citizen Anatole Fistoulari, the conductor. After his concert at the Albert Hall on 2 October, with

the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Fistoulari will fly to Italy, then on to America and Norway for concerts. He works mostly in Britain and is married to Scottish violinist Elizabeth Lockhart.

The 140 actors and technicians filming the latest James Bond film, *You Only Live Twice*, on the waterfront of Kagoshima in Japan, are fed 280 eggs for breakfast every day. Freelance caterer George Crawford, who lives near the Tottenham Court Road, specialises in supplying food for film crews on location. "All my stoves have to be portable and specially adapted so we can get a good meal ready in some of the most impossible locations." On one film he dished up lunches for 4,000 people each day in the Cambodian jungle; on another he provided 1,500 people with food within an hour. Sean Connery is again the star of this film. Says Crawford: "He is easily pleased. He has few demands and eats like everyone else."

Asprey's of Bond Street are making reproductions of some of the silver taken by the English from the Spanish Armada in the 16th century. The original silver was used as a banqueting service by Sir Christopher Harris during the reign of Elizabeth I, and he had his arms and London hallmarks engraved on them. The silver service was buried on Dartmoor during the Civil War to avoid seizure by Cromwell, and dug up this century. Reproduced, their use these days: as wedding presents.

The 10,000 people who hourly cross the road to Charing Cross Station will have to continue doing so: a plan to build a subway beneath the Strand has been shelved. The Greater London Council were keen on the idea for ten years – but the Government's capital spending restrictions put a stop to it.

Southwark Cathedral will be the scene of a religious play performed on 4 October by the Everyman Players, an American company. Headed by Orlin and Irene Corey, the company last paid a visit to Britain in 1964 with their presentation of the Book of Job. This time they are staging Romans by St Paul. The Everyman Players have earned a reputation for sensational stage and lighting effects. They will perform Romans throughout Britain during their stay.

The Lord Chamberlain has given permission for the run of Son et Lumière *at Hampton Court Palace to be extended three weeks. The last performance will now be on 15 October. Sponsored by the London Tourist Board in aid of the Multiple Sclerosis Society, it has this year proved a major tourist attraction.*

Sir Ralph Richardson has helped form a new theatre company – at his favourite theatre the Haymarket. Together with Tennant Productions, Sir Ralph wanted to be associated with a permanent company at what he calls "that beautiful theatre." He has appeared many times there in productions like *The Heiress, A Day By The Sea, Flowering Cherry, The School For Scandal*, and the latest, *You Never Can Tell*. Now Sir Ralph appears in the company's first play, *The Rivals*, written by Richard Brinsley Sheridan in 1755, which opens on 6 October. They are calling themselves the Haymarket Theatre Royal Company.

Nicolette Devas has written her autobiography *Two Flamboyant Fathers* which will be published by Collins in October. Her "two fathers" are her genealogical father, Irish landowner Francis Macnamara, and her adopted father Augustus John who took her father's place when he left his wife and four children. She is the

author of two novels; this, her first serious book, took her three years to write. "I suffered a lot," she says, "it was worse, I am sure, than going to a psychoanalyst." Her husband Anthony Devas died, and last year she married artist Rupert Shepherd. Between them they have six children. Her sister Caitlin married Dylan Thomas.

Edward Craig, who lives near Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire, is collecting material for a biography of his father Edward Gordon Craig, who was the son of Ellen Terry.

Spike Milligan has finished two years of repairs and restoration which meant saving the 80[illegible] year-old stump of an oak tree in Kensington Gardens. Called the

Elfin Oak, the dead stump was taken to the Gardens from Richmond Park in 1930. Artist Ivor Innes carved from its distortions a number of small figures of elves and animals and it was then painted. When Spike Milligan showed an interest the tree desperately needed repairs and renovations. Now his work is over – and the tree is again on view as an attractive curiosity.

Phillumenists — matchbox label collectors — are holding their 22nd annual exhibition at the Bonnington Hotel, Bloomsbury, on 23 October. As well as the latest issues some very old and rare labels will be on display. Leading British collectors are artist Miss Joan Rendell of Cornwall, and John Luker of Guildford; both possess about 100,000 labels each.

HARRODS

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SLOane 1234

Inspired by Marc Bohan —tent coat and suit in wool, with single, contrasting tricorn rever beneath mandarin collar. Yew tree/stone, caramel/stone, or all rose.

Top coat has yoked back and deep, off-centre vent. Sizes 10-16. **£26.10.0**

Coat Room, first floor

Two-piece suit, skirt with wrap-over look; the jacket has a low-slung half-belt. Sizes 10-14. **£26.10.0**

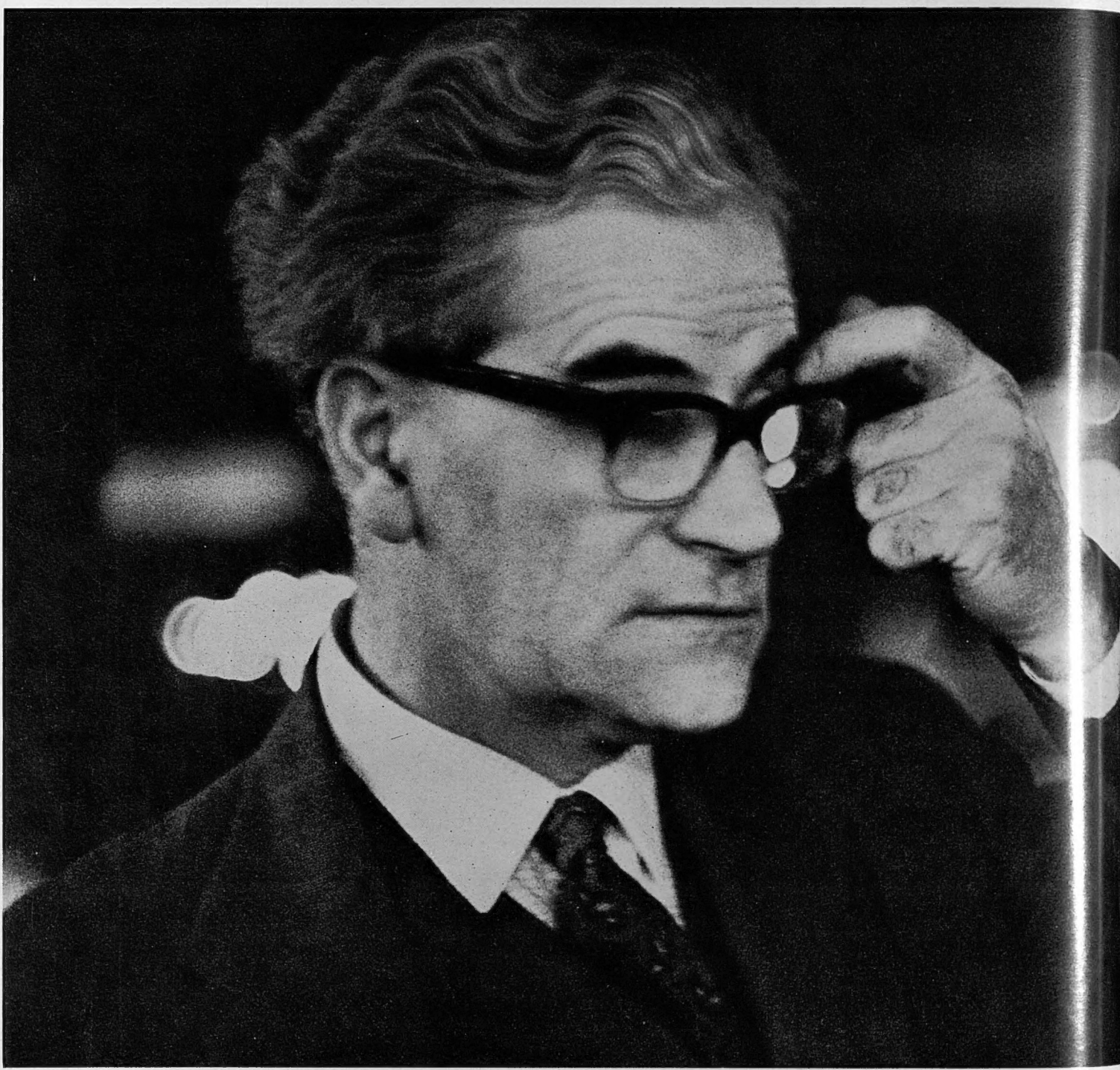
Suit Room, first floor

FASHION SHOWS

Saturday Morning Shows —October 1 & 8 at 11 am. General Shows—Monday October 3 to Friday October 7, 2.30 pm daily. Late Evening Show—Wednesday October 5 at 5.45 pm. No tickets required.

Fashion Theatre, third floor

THE BISHOP GIVES HIS

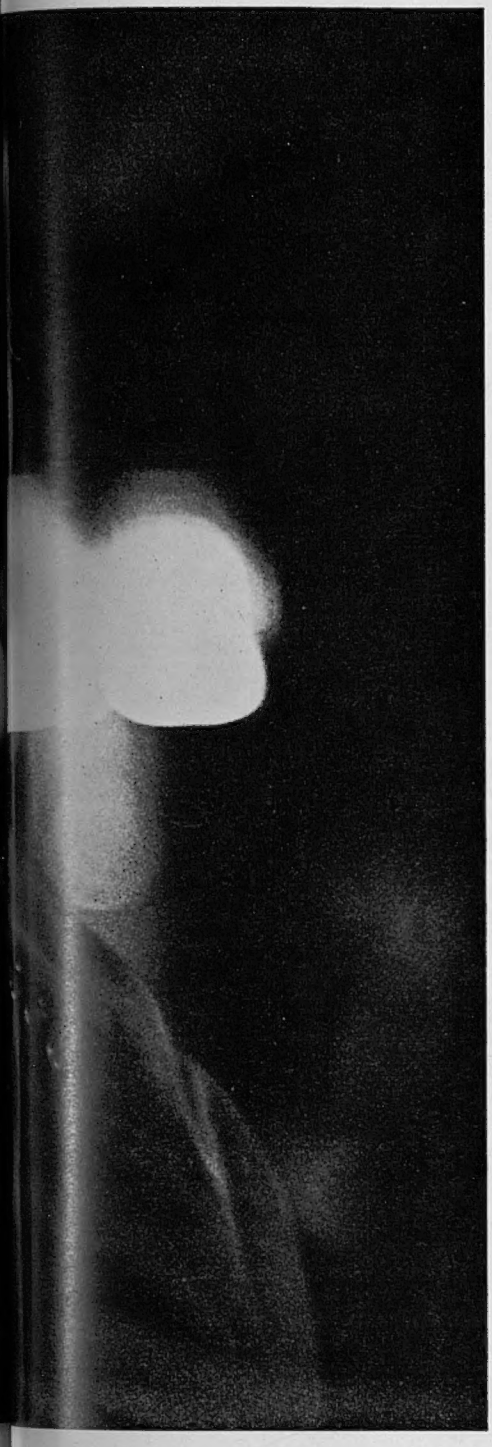


London's gaming club owners are standing on the edge of a financial precipice. New legislation being contemplated by Mr Roy Jenkins, the Home Secretary, is expected to reduce their takings substantially - in some cases critically. Readers will remember that a few weeks ago the Bishop of Southwark went out with *London Life* to see London life and here he passes judgment on the gambling clubs. It is of particular interest in view of the new situation, and he makes one of the most positive suggestions of the year - that clients should not be allowed to cash cheques

Sooner or later, let's hope sooner, something will have to be done about the Betting, Gambling and Lotteries Act of 1960, perhaps the most disastrous piece of anti-social legislation of the century, certainly the craziest. Having said that, let's keep cool heads and have a look at the facts.

Some people are opposed to gambling in all sizes and shapes. Even a lucky dip at the Church bazaar is out. I don't share their views but I respect them. Even so, they can't expect a government to foist their Puritan convictions on the whole country. Those people who enjoy a flutter

VERDICT ON THE CLUBS



believe that in a democracy certain attitudes should be left to the individual conscience. Fair enough. I agree. In fact, I had better come clean and admit that most years I put a few shillings on the Derby and the Oaks and occasionally do the pools.

But we can't leave the matter there. True enough, people must be free to do as they like but the limits must be such that society is not damaged. After all, that applies to most things. For instance, I am free to kick a ball around my backyard, but if I do it at 3 o'clock in the morning the police will stop me on the grounds that I am being a nuisance to my neighbours. In other words, we can't look at gambling in isolation as though it was something that concerned the individual and nobody else. We must examine it within the general social contact.

The fact is that gambling is a great industry involving millions of pounds and employing hundreds of people. Although much of it is above board and beyond reproach, it attracts at its worst levels crooks from home and abroad. It is a goldmine for the protection racketeers and a breeding ground for crime.

There are well over 100 clubs in the centre of London and my guess is that the respectable outnumber the dubious by a long chalk. I recently visited three of them and there was nothing, so far as I could see, to which anybody could take exception.

The introduction

My first halt was the Windmill, in the basement of the old theatre. In accordance with the regulations I was introduced by a friend and wrote my name in a book. There were eight roulette tables and five card tables for black jack. The minimum stake is half a crown and the maximum £10, although you can place up to £100 on any one bet. Business is at its height between midnight and 4 o'clock in the morning.

I next went to the Pigalle in Piccadilly, which up to two weeks previously had been a restaurant and a floor show. Now a casino has been added. I was given a warm welcome by the owner, Mr Victor Gershom, and was his guest for dinner. We had an excellent meal and a first-class entertainment. I thoroughly enjoyed it. Had I paid in the usual way I think the cost would have been about £4. My verdict is, here is value for money.

Mr Gershom allowed me to wander around the tables and patiently answered my questions. He told me on the previous night the house had gone down the spout – a Persian oil magnate had won £8,000. He has other casinos and I hope for his sake they fared better! I was interested to find that drinks and food were free in the gaming room after 11 o'clock. I thought this would add considerably to the running costs, but Mr Gershom assured me that gamblers are so riveted to the tables they have little time for anything else.

My third port of call was the George Raft Colony Club in Berkeley Square, one of the earliest and best-known night-clubs in Mayfair. George Raft, a well-known film hero, brings a wealth of experience to his task, and knows as well as anybody how a casino should be run. He is strict about membership and has an eye for the customer who might be thinking of bouncing a cheque. He told me that the average stake was probably about £5. While he was speaking his clients were busy. A man lost £700 in six spins at the roulette table. Two American women casually said they had lost £20 a night since they had been in London. A girl in her late teens or early twenties changed £5 at the cashier's desk for sixpences to use in the "One-Armed Bandits."

I had hoped to visit Crockford's in Carlton House Terrace, the oldest and most famous gaming club, but it was now long past midnight. The stakes are high. Had I gone there I am told I should have met several acquaintances in public life.

It was altogether a fascinating evening and if all clubs were as well run as these I should confine myself to a few basic suggestions. Here they are:

1 The Government should lay down specific licensing requirements.
2 The police should have the right of entry.
3 Personnel should be vetted. Nobody should be given a licence until a thorough examination had been made.
4 A heavy annual tax should be placed on each gaming establishment, irrespective of rateable value. I think £50,000 per annum would be a reasonable figure.
5 Gaming houses should not be allowed to give credit or cash cheques. If a man was restricted to the money he had in his pocket he would be unlikely to become involved in the sort of catastrophe that characterises so many gaming houses. The trouble begins when a player runs out of cash and uses his cheque book to mortgage his future. I know this would hit the owners, but at least they would be spared the indignity of chasing around London to members' banks to collect the losses of the previous night.

A magnet

Unfortunately these suggestions are not adequate to deal with the situation which exists in London today. The police know that many gaming houses on both sides of the river are not as well supervised as the ones I saw. They constitute a social menace in that they are a magnet for international racketeers and criminals. One gangster in South London boasts that 10 casinos are under his control.

We mustn't be humbugged. It is no good arguing that the restoration of capital punishment will protect the police if a blind eye is turned to the cesspools which breed crime.

I am not a doctrinaire advocate of nationalisation, but if ever an industry should be taken over by the State it is this one. Let the casinos be publicly owned and let them be placed under police supervision. Abuses might continue but the range would be reduced. We should be shot of doubtful owners, we should come to grips with the protection racketeers and we should have a better opportunity to deal with the crooks who get rid of stolen money. By all means treat the managers and staff generously but let the profits be used for the building of hospitals, schools, roads, and old peoples' homes.

Such a solution would not interfere with an individual's right to gamble, but it would place his action within a socially useful context instead of a context that aids and abets crime.

GOLDEN BOXES LIGHT UP REGENT STREET

A reminder of past splendour and opulence will be on exhibition this week – 18th century gold boxes. Wartski's, the West End jewellers, are displaying a superb collection of gold boxes once used as containers for snuff, precious jewels and family keepsakes.

The exhibition will coincide with the publication of *Eighteenth Century Gold Boxes of Europe* published by Faber. The author, Mr Kenneth Snowman, is the son of Wartski's owner, Mr Emmanuel Snowman.

The boxes – gold, embossed with precious materials including diamonds, with painted panels – were a familiar sight in any fashionable home in the 18th century. A Faber's spokesman commented: "The boxes are very tiny, but so beautiful. They normally measure about three inches by two or similar. These days they are sought after for collections.

"The Duchess of Kent has a collection and should be interested in the exhibition. Another famous collection is housed in the Gold Room at the Leningrad Hermitage, a well-known Russian museum."

The gold boxes are in great demand also by antique dealers. They fetch high prices, running into thousands of pounds. Many of the boxes on show at Wartski's have been loaned from various collections.

Wartski's are running their exhibition from Tuesday, 20 September to 7 October. "It is a unique opportunity to see them all together – and judge their beauty at one go," the firm said.

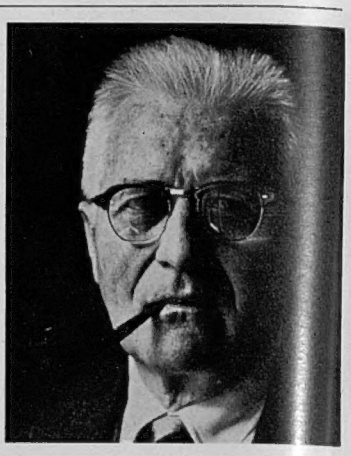
Profits from the exhibition will be devoted to the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme.

Exhibition of Gold Boxes, Wartski, 138 Regent St, to Friday 7 October. Monday - Friday 11 am - 4.30 pm. Entrance by catalogue, 5s.

ARRIVAL PLATFORM

By SHEILA FITZJONES

The man behind microfilm



At Claridge's, a Bourbon with American multi-millionaire Eugene B Power, who is the man every spy must thank for inventing the microfilm camera. Mr Power, who is board chairman of the University Micro-Film Inc, at Ann Arbor, Michigan, organises the uses of his important invention peacefully. "American libraries are very young," he explains. "We wouldn't normally have access to early printed material, but by microfilming it we can have a better collection of books and manuscripts than any of the old-established libraries in the world."

A charming, white-haired man with broad shoulders and an obvious zest for living, Mr Power is over here to buy back the British subsidiary company of his organisation, and to arrange for the filming of important Churchillian documents, which will be needed for the American edition of Randolph Churchill's book on his father.

Gold disc from down under

A quiet beer in Soho with New Zealand-born pop-singer Johnny Devlin, who has come to London to try and make his name as big over here as it is down under. "I'm still finding it strange" he told me "that I can sit in a public place like this without getting mobbed – or even being looked at."

For 25-year-old Devlin's name is a household word in Australia, where he's had over 10 hits in the past 12 months – four of them reaching the top of the charts. He is also the first singer to win a gold disc in New Zealand. "I'd gone as far as I could go over there – even had my own weekly TV show. It's certainly a challenge coming over here as an unknown but London is the Mecca for pop singers."

Devlin describes his singing style as a cross between P J Proby's and Tom Jones's. The first record he has cut in this country is being released this week. It's called *Strength, Heart and Soul*.

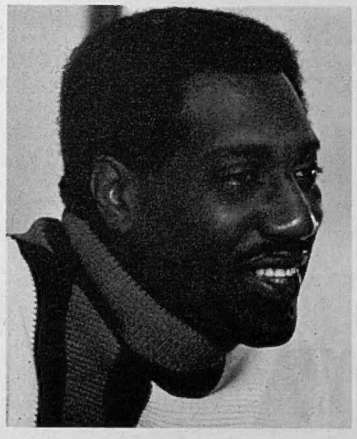
A tennis wife's ambition

In the lounge of the Carlton Tower, a quick pre-lunch Martini with Californian-born Mrs Mary Laver, bride of the tennis champion, who has been over here to watch her husband play at Wembley.

"We got married this June," she told me. "I was a model for an American sportswear company and we met at a charity tennis exhibition in California. Then followed a crazy 16-month round-the-world courtship.

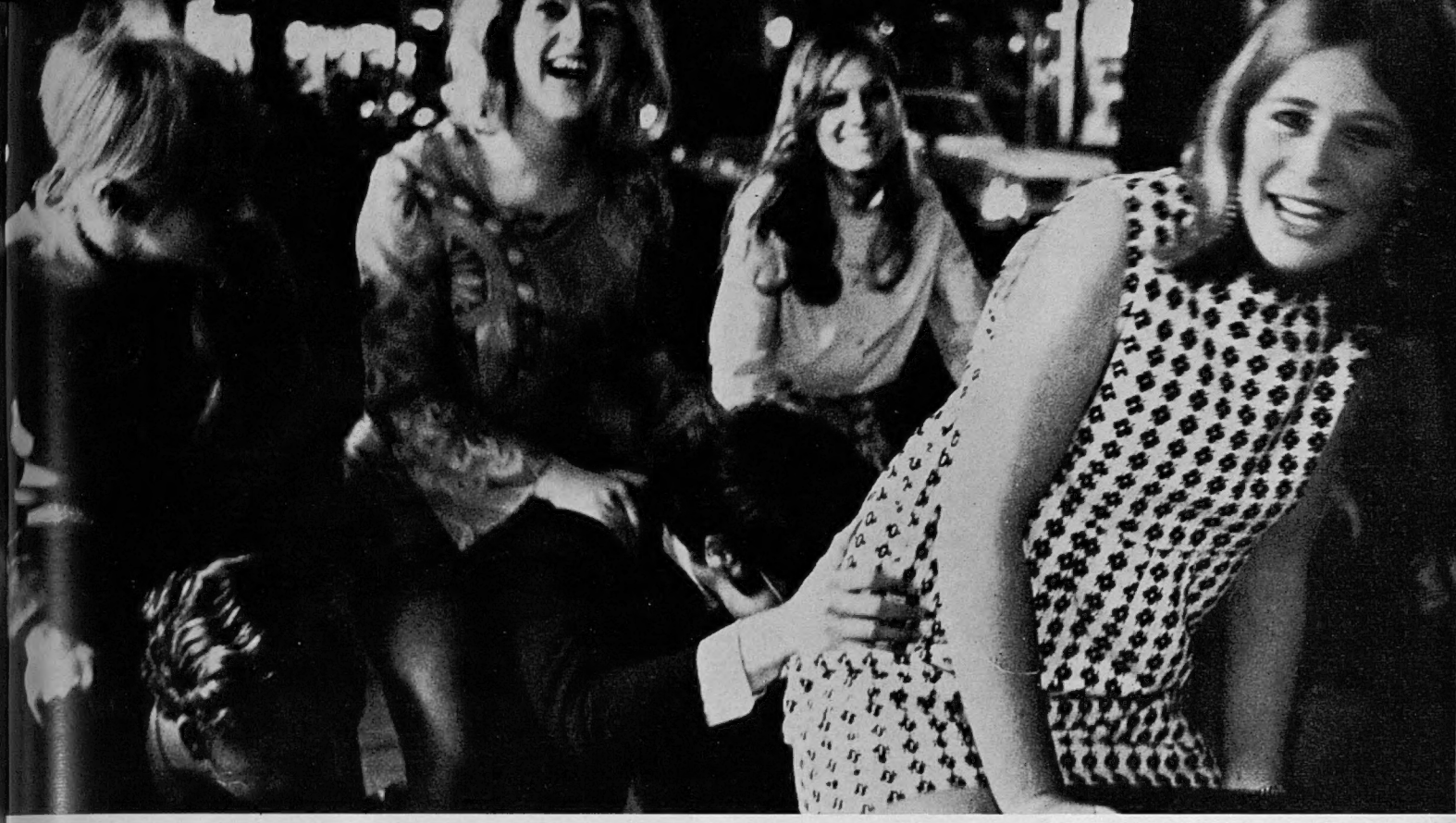
"We dated in Paris, Rome, London, South Africa – just about anywhere and everywhere that we could."

The Lavers have established their home in California – but so far they haven't yet managed to visit it. But Mrs Laver finds that following Rod around is loads of fun. "And he's coaching me at tennis. When I first went on court with him I was so terrified I couldn't even hold my racket. My ambition is to win one single point off him – then I'll be satisfied!"



Mr Otis doesn't regret

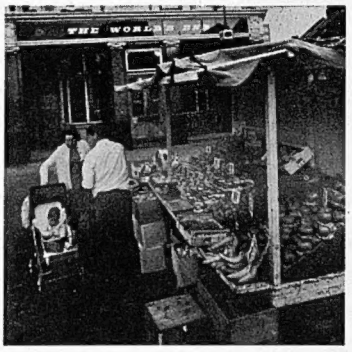
In a darkened, over-heated bedroom on the 26th floor of the Hilton, a late, late club-sandwich lunch with American soul-singer Otis Redding – over here for the first time to appear at some clubs and make a few TV appearances. "And to get these English kids to really dig me." He's not done too badly either: "I thought when I came that perhaps no one would know me, but all my shows have been sell-outs and everyone is asking me when I'm coming back." He cut his first disc 4 years ago. Next month his 14th LP, *The Otis Redding Dictionary of Soul*, is due to be released. "I've been singing soul since I've been talking – my old man is a Baptist minister in Macon, Georgia, and I used to sing Gospel in his church. He's my gratest fan; seems I've done him some good, too, for now he preaches regularly at three churches and it seems everyone in Georgia is crowding in to hear him."



It isn't everybody's idea of bliss but it's the sort of event that makes Chelsea such a symbol of youthful emancipation or something. It's the Chelsea Challenge, latest after-party thing in the King's Road. And because it's Chelsea, l'enfant most terrible of them all, the passing traffic doesn't even falter. *London Life* reporters take a look at the unsquare mile from time to time. Like now, man . . .

Pictures by John Benton Harris

SO WHATS NEW I



Property extending from World's End pub, down Edith Grove, along the Embankment, and up Blantyre Street is scheduled for demolition. Replacing it: several blocks of flats, a pub and a church.

Bistro Girl Friday Yvonne Cotter-Grant won a prize at a party – a live sheep.

Ninette de Valoise is speaker at the next Chelsea Arts Club dinner.

Ten per cent reduction for students on discs and equipment at Chelsea Record Centre.

Prediction: Connoisseurs say cabinetmaker David Powell's furniture will have even greater impact on markets 50 years from now.

Susan Locke, of the King's Road boutique, has begun exporting to Germany and America.

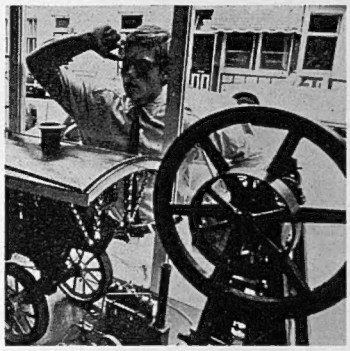
Arab-turbanned youth drinks round Chelsea in native headdress. Says he is Nicholas, son of Mr Ian Alexander, British Consul in Jerusalem. "I wore it in the Dorchester, and was asked to take it off. They don't mind along the King's Road."

Wall sign at Guys & Dolls, 74 King's Road: "Please excuse us if we call you Madam, it's so hard to tell the difference these days." Range of giant sandwiches includes items like Machine Gun Kelly and Harry the Horse.

Fluctuating community touch: landlady seeing prospective roomer recognised him as lodger from three years before. Said youth: "Man, have I lived here before? Must be getting old."

Belgian millionaire flies in once a month for a steak and a glass of wine at the Chelsea Potter pub.

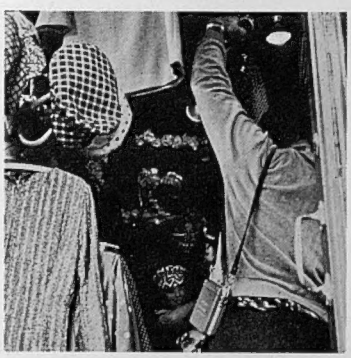
Guv'nor Christopher Ryan, at the Moore Arms, is telling the story of the bride and groom, with their party, who looked into the public bar after the ceremony in their wedding clothes and had pints, a game of darts, and wedding breakfast of shepherd's pie.



Rudolf Nureyev is posing a problem for Jonathan Minns and Ivan Scott, who run the Steam Age shop at the corner of Moor Street and Cadogan Street: they specialise in working models of early locomotives, traction engines, early aircraft. Nureyev keeps telling them he wants "something complicated" – but doesn't know quite what.

Artist Timothy Whidbourne has just completed a portrait of Lady Chelsea, formerly Philippa Wallop.

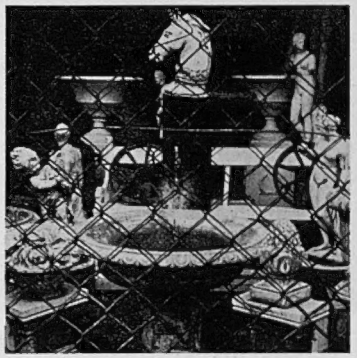
Prediction from boutique girl Susan Locke: "Chelsea will be the first district to wear the new long coats from the French collections."



Basement discothèque plans soon for the Bonne Bouche Patisserie Bar, with music piped through earphones for non-dancers.

German student Fritz Kassebeer is doing cartwheels in King's Road at 1d a time. Says: "Dusseldorf kids do it all the time. It's tiring, but it's beer money."

Benny Taylor commutes between home in Shawfield Street and bistro in Beauchamp Place – in a 1927 Daimler hearse.



Annual Antique Fair will run in the Town Hall until 1 October.

Scene at 2.30 am: frolicking couple braving the cold, he in bikini undies, she in a towel.

Bus Topic: "I hate coming with Mummy to King's Road. She makes me wear these long skirts, and I feel such a bleeding frump." Top-deck speaker was a 10-year-old girl, in school tunic and glasses, carrying her satchel.

Cubes for swinging parties dept: Two automatic machines dispense, day and night, plastic bags of 70 to 80 ice cubes at the new BP petrol station in Sloane Avenue. Cost: 2s 6d.

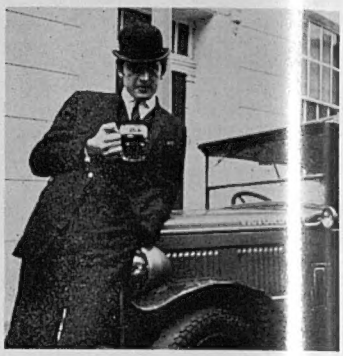
A Great Dane called Siegfried daily exercises his master, Ivan Peter Wavell-Craven when Ivan comes off duty from his night porter's job.

Fractured-fashion bit: Man in King's Road wearing levi's, patterned shirt, with plaster on broken arm sprayed silver, and silver boots and belt to match.

Week-end gear innovation: parade the shops in ankle-length Biba nighties.

Old Chelsea resident's view of the district: "Chelsea is a gentle corpse, embalmed in the sour aspic of gossip columnists' chit-chat."

Estate agent Roy Brooks details the Chelsea price range for property . . . unconverted terrace house at World's End costs £8,000, and a town house in Royal Avenue will fetch £27,500.



Headquarters of Alcoholics Anonymous is in Redcliffe Gardens – directly opposite the Redcliffe Arms pub.

Local council has been looking at Chelsea "to find out how rising property prices, proposed street-parking charges, and other cash considerations are going to affect the present bed-sit population." Spokesman says: "The chances are they will be driven west to Fulham, Hammersmith and Putney, and Chelsea will again become an 'Establishment' borough."

More people aged 20-34 live in Chelsea than any other London borough. Council's figures: 23 per cent. in Chelsea, against an average of 9 per cent. in other boroughs.

Radio 290 looks at Chelsea this week. Programme Control-

HELSEA, MAN?

ler Sheldon Jay says: "We decided to concentrate on an intensive advertising campaign in Chelsea, and offered every little shop absurdly low rates. Each day of our Chelsea Week we planned ads followed by brief editorial comment from myself about a myriad aspects of Chelsea life, ranging from straight information to short interviews."

Boutique girl Jose Fonseca has returned from Spanish holiday to start a trend. She thought freckles would enhance her tan . . . and has painted them all over her nose and cheekbones with eyebrow pencil. It's catching on.

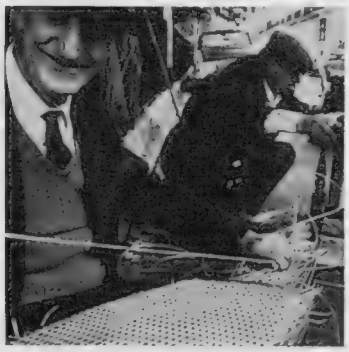
How to furnish your pad dept.: Antique dealer Christopher Gibbs's flat is hung with tapestries, there are marble busts on pillars, black leather Chesterfields – and incense burning all the time.

Publicist Tony Bainsby is introducing a guaranteed "wow" to the scene . . . the French Pussy Pedal Car, soon available for private hire and publicity campaigns. Big range, based on antique cars and jeeps, can be used at holiday camps, fetes, fairs. For publicity, shape can be changed to form packets of cigarettes, bottles of soft drinks, etc. Speeds up to 30 mph, and you'll need a licence. Telephones and cocktail cabinets may be fitted, if current research in France works out.

In Top Gear: into the King's Road shop walked a man, as naked as the day that he was born. "No sale" was rung up on the cash register. But the police were called.

Prediction: Success ahead for local actress Marilyn Tayorson, who has just joined the company at the New Haymarket.

John Alexander Norman Swinton Berry, 23, gemmologist, joins his friend, suits-from-horse-blankets designer Barry for an after-work drink.



Hugh Manes and partner George Packman have been re-seating cane chairs in Chelsea for nearly a quarter of a century.

Meterland comes to Chelsea: from next year, residents in the east end of the borough will be able to park all day for 2s 6d, on a special permit. Visitors will have to pay 1s for two hours.

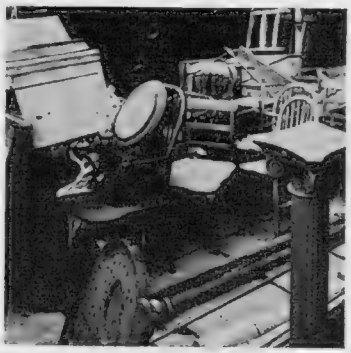
Borderline touch: browsing girl customer queried in a boutique over her mauve T-shirt. What else was she wearing? Blithe reply: nothing, but it covers my thighs, don't it?

Chelsea's last blacksmith, Edwin Margrie, is having to move forge and anvil from his premises in Cheyne Walk. Property is scheduled for redevelopment. Edwin does wrought-ironwork, and undertakes commissions from local sculptors.

Angry Walton Street residents have organised a petition against the council's scheme to use the street as an alternative route for heavy traffic.

Three girls and three boys living in Radnor Walk canvass for jobs in the home. They clean windows, polish floors, rub brasses, take curtains and covers for dry-cleaning, visit laundromats, and collect the groceries and off-sales supplies.

Peter Evans – of the Eating Houses – is opening a night-club at 287 King's Road in November. Live group and records, select membership stability-in-a-passing-scene world to be the keynote.



Op and Pop interiors for tiny homes are out. Victoriana junk is "in."

Suna Portman, former Chelsea "bird," and onetime uncrowned Queen of the King's Road, hates the crowds who flock there Saturdays. "I now only go down King's Road shopping," she says. "You can hardly move. But it's more exciting, I suppose."

Open-air exhibition of paintings will run in Royal Avenue until mid-October.

The Chelsea Pottery in Radnor Walk is coping with an orders rush from all over the world. Sake bottles are wanted by Japan, Tripoli is in the queue for pots and plates. The Queen's Proctor in Ottawa, Mr Pepper, has asked for a self-portrait statue.

Five-a-side football will be played in the evenings, starting next month, at Chelsea Public Baths in Chelsea Manor Street.

Ley Kenyon, painter, illustrator and underwater diver, is designing a diving display for the Science Museum.

If you want to be "in," go second-hand: buy a policeman's cape at the Antique Market, or an old Army tunic at Granny Takes a Trip.

Saville Row comes to King's Road: Simon Boyle, who has a shop in the West End, has opened another gear-for-girls establishment in Chelsea.

Model Vicky Hodge wears a simple shopping garment on Saturdays . . . a 6-ft-long wig and body stocking.

Homard des Iles Tonga

Lobster, simmered in double cream, seasoned with mango chutney and crystallised ginger. Served with a pilaf of rice

One of the unusual gourmet specialities available only at the

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DAVID WYNNE-MORGAN

ONE of the most interesting confrontations of the year takes place this weekend when about 100 people who are not allowed to talk come face to face with the man that thousands have been trying to stop talking for the last decade.

Malcolm Muggeridge, the former editor of *Punch*, and the man that at least half Britain loves to hate, is visiting a monastery of a contemplative order in Scotland. He is planning to shoot the first film ever made in such a strict monastery as this, and it is intended to show it on television some time next year.

Malcolm Muggeridge told me from his home in Sussex: "This is really in the form of a reconnaissance, since no intrusion of this kind has ever been allowed before in a monastery of this order. I have got to brief the monks on what we want to do and how we intend to do it. I have a dreadful feeling that it is going to involve my talking to them for about an hour and then no one will be allowed to answer yes or no. I think it will be a most interesting experience."

Heartily sick

Malcolm Muggeridge, who until recently has been quite openly an agnostic, is now believed to be becoming more and more attracted to the Roman Catholic church. As he prepared to set out on his journey north he told me: "I am so heartily sick of the sound of my own voice at the moment that it may well be I will never come out."

That is the kind of remark, Mr Muggeridge, that leaves you wide open, but I for one hope you will return safely and not in silence.

This week marked the end of an era in the wine trade. George McWatters, formerly the chairman of Harveys who first led the battle against Showering's takeover and then negotiated it on far more favourable terms to his shareholders, resigned from the board of what was once his family's company.

Unwritten laws

Before his arrival on the scene the wine trade was a very conservative business with a strict code of behaviour and a mass of unwritten laws that were never broken. George McWatters took the trade by the scruff of its neck with the result that it can never be the same again.

Married to Joy Matthews, a former fashion editor of the *Daily Express*, he now intends to enter politics in a big way, having flirted with it for some considerable time. His wife told me: "I think the Conservative Party needs some really experienced businessmen. Without being pompous about it George really wants to be of service."

I predict quick success for George McWatters, because whenever he gives his full time and attention to anything something always happens.

While looking into my crystal ball I see another controversial politician whom I forecast will be in the news again before Christmas.

He is Woodrow Wyatt, the Labour MP, who has consistently made the headlines on two fronts. His unorthodox views on steel nationalisation have been a constant embarrassment to the Labour Party while his frequent marriages have ensured unremitting attention from the diary columns. Three times he has been married and three times he has divorced his wives. Friends believe that he will take the plunge again before Christmas to a Hungarian widow who is his constant companion.

Former Guardsman, ex-barman, and now one of the most amusing restaurateurs in London, old Etonian Nicholas Clarke whose massive form presides over Nick's Diner the most fashionable restaurant in the unfashionable part of Fulham, is opening a new restaurant in November.

It is to be in the same road but on the other side of the road. With the utmost logic he has called it "The Place Opposite."

One member of the extreme Right Wing Carlton Club turned to another at the bar last week and said: "You know there are two things that I really detest about Harold Wilson." "What are they?" said his friend.

"His face," was the reply.

I don't want anyone to accuse me of political bias. I would be delighted to publish the best Transport House story about the Opposition Leader, Edward Heath.

Pardon me

My favourite personal column advertisement of the week in *The Times* read as follows:

"The Editor of *The Queen* requires a ruthlessly efficient secretary/personal assistant. Top Speeds, top experience, top salary. Telephone FLE 4050 10.30 to 1 pm, Tuesday-Thursday."

Pardon me Jocelyn Stephens, but your slip is showing.

ARRIVE...
...in a fur by Bradleys
GLMA mink, the world's most fascinating brunette, in a cape-sleeved coat, from the new winter collection, Bradleys, 2 Welbeck Street, London, W1
GLMA a product of the Great Lakes Mink Association
producers of premium American natural dark ranch mink

A GRASS WIDOWER CALLED GUNTHER SACHS

The Firth of Forth has seen some sights in its time, but few more charming than Brigitte Bardot tripping alongside it barefoot in a Pierre Cardin wedding dress. She was there on location for scenes from her new film *A Coeur Joie,* which will be seen in English translation as *Two Weeks in September.* In it Brigitte takes the part of a model who runs off to Scotland with a geologist following a broken love affair.

But while Brigitte was filming, where was her new husband, millionaire Gunther Sachs? Not far away, for during the filming he himself came over to Scotland for a week's visit, staying at North Berwick. As an actress of high professionalism Brigitte, it is known, insists that distractions, even an attentive husband, must be excluded while she is at work. Hence Gunther, an enthusiastic golfer, was obliged to console himself by improving his handicap on the famous North Berwick course, a situation poignantly expressed in *London Life's* pictures. No doubt, for both it seemed a long way from that fabulous South Seas honeymoon.

Pictures by JOHN KELLY

Hancock's guide

to the Complete Comedian

At the Royal Festival Hall, on Thursday night, 22 September, Tony Hancock appears in a one-night show. It would be wrong to describe it as a come-back – as far as English audiences are concerned, the man who gave them the Blood Donor, the Reluctant Matador, the rebellious would-be intellectual of Railway Cuttings, East Cheam, has never gone away. But Hancock himself admits that it will be a reappearance, a test. ANGELA INCE talked to him in London, between a week's show at Bournemouth and rehearsals for the Festival Hall.

HALF AN HOUR with Hancock. He comes in, small, crouching slightly, a square mouth turned down like a letterbox trying not to laugh. When he is bored or disinterested he switches off his eyes – they go blank and grey and solid and there is nobody there. Then he lights up again and he is suddenly a blue-eyed schoolboy who has just bowled Garry Sobers out, or an executive making a phone call, or a boxer flooring an opponent.

He talks like an excited but diffident Sten gun in sporadic bursts, then slumps back, temporarily exhausted. He talks about the business of humour, the fascination of sport, the comedian's relationship with his audience. And this relationship is probably the trickiest one in show business, but when it comes off, it is certainly the closest. Hancock expects the Festival Hall audience to be fast, insistent, demanding. And his experience of audiences extends from the Avon Road Labour Club, Bournemouth ("I was paralysed by shouts of Order Please") to the theatre-restaurant audience of the Talk of the Town.

Cloth caps

"That's an ideal audience. It's fast, tough, and close to you. It's likely to heckle, and that's good. Sometimes somebody says something that absolutely slams you. Well, you say, goodnight and thank you. But it's good, it's participation. It's a return to music hall, isn't it? It used to be cloth caps and cheese sandwiches, now it's smoked salmon and charcoal grey suits. One wants to get away from an artificial barrier between the player and the audience. The orchestra pit and the lights mean that half the time you can't even see the audience, you can't see a face to react to.

"London audiences are generally reckoned to be a push-over compared with the provinces. I met a friend of mine in the street the other day, he looked bedraggled and broken. He told me he's just got back from playing the Yorkshire clubs. He was a shattered man – those clubs, they sit and they watch you and they don't want to know, mate. Go and play in Glasgow, and good luck to you. I once played there and got the bird on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. I got the bird in every possible way and I was terrified. There was always some little jock shouting 'Awae hame, boy.'

Rural and quiet

"Next week I was playing in Peterborough. You know Peterborough, they come to the theatre in tractors there. I got the bird there too, but it was rural and quiet and peaceful."

These days, though, getting the bird is not likely to be one of Hancock's problems. As he walks on to a stage you can feel the audience settling happily back into their seats, see the reminiscent grins spreading over their faces. They are already with him

and he's half-way there.

When he's waiting to go on, does he think of the audience as a group of friends waiting to welcome him, or as Romans waiting for Christians to enter the arena?

"I don't think I'll tell you that. But however you think of an audience you've got to prepare for it. When I was playing at Bournemouth the performance started at six and I wasn't on the stage until around seven. But I had to be there at six to sniff the air, to get the reaction to the other acts. Someone once told me that Leslie Henson used to set his watch by TIM and walk round the theatre before a performance. Then at the exact moment he went in, got into his clothes, and straight out on to the stage.

Early sniff

"Everyone has a different way, and my way is to get there early and sniff. When you're on you wear a clown's mask, a defence, so you're not being laughed at personally. It took me 10 years to get out on a stage without a hat. It was my mask, my defence."

Hancock says this is the most exciting time of his life, and he has plans to prove it. "After the Festival Hall I want to get away and write a bit. I don't necessarily do it very expertly, but sometimes I have very good ideas, and then I can hand them on to an expert for polishing." At the moment he is discussing an autumn series with ATV, on which he hopes to have international guest artists who are personal friends, like Dick Haymes, Hoagy Carmichael, Bob Hope.

His scriptwriters for this series, and for the Festival Hall, are a new young team, John Muir and Eric Geen. ("Muir and Geen. It sounds," said Hancock vaguely, "like a ventriloquist act.") They are in their twenties and, says Hancock, are English, fast and sardonic.

What is Hancock's great ambition? One thing he doesn't want to do, and that's play Hamlet. "All that stuff about comedians having a secret ambition to play Hamlet slays me," he said. "I've never met a comedian who wanted to play Hamlet. I certainly don't. Couldn't, probably. No.

"My life's great ambition is to bowl Garry Sobers out. I've been planning it for years, I've got the situation analysed."

Get him started on sport, and it's difficult to stop him. "Once I was bowling to Ian Craig, the captain of the Australian side, in a charity match. Naunton Wayne was the umpire. I got him on the pads and said 'How's that?' and Naunton said 'Not out.' I went up to him afterwards and said 'I'll never ever come and see you play again' and I meant every word. It would have been the greatest moment of my life.

"I remember Fred Trueman bowling in one of those matches to an Old Corinthian. He sent down a ball, and there were stumps all over the place. On the way back to the pavilion the Old Corinthian stopped and said to Fred, 'I say, that was an awfully good ball.' And old Fred said, 'and bloody well wasted on thee.' He's a beauty, Fred, and a great bowler."

Hancock's definitions of the whole point of his game—humour—are diverse. "Humour is the audience recognising something that they've known at the back of their mind for years," he said, and "comedy should always be true. At it's best it's valid" and "this word satire kills me. It's not new, any real comedian has this quality inbuilt. But he has to be involved in life and a part of it, you can't just sit there and destroy, that's not humour.

"I remember once a well-known comedian talking about his act, and saying, 'Normally I'd put a bit of pathos in here.' I thought, well if that's what you'd do, mate, that's the finish of you. You don't *put in* bits of pathos, you can't make it like a cake.

No heart

"Most great humour has come from Europe, not America. Take the Dick Van Dyke Show, for instance. I have nothing but admiration for him, he's a really great performer; but the show's beautifully packaged in a polythene bag, as far as I'm concerned it has no heart. Don't talk to me about selling lines. This business has got nothing to do with selling lines. You've got to get into the guts of them."

What, someone asked, would he do if he was offered the OBE? "Refuse it. I don't want to be rewarded, I'm a practising comedian, I'm in it and I love it. I want to make the people laugh, and as long as that happens, that's enough reward."

No. 8 OF A SERIES

let's talk about
TRUST HOUSE HOTELS
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It's worth knowing that many of the 200 welcoming TRUST HOUSE HOTELS throughout Britain can offer you attractive *reduced* tariffs for later holidays. This can mean that more spending money stays in your pocket . . . and no worries about that foreign travel allowance! For all-year-round high standards in good food and accommodation, now's the time to discover value-for-money Trust House Hotels. Here are just a few suggestions for your late holiday.

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JAM TOMORROW

London Life's weekly traffic service

Traffic is diverted in two new spots, one north of the river and one south this week. Reconstruction of **Gordon House Road**, NW5, between Lissenden Gardens and Highgate, means eastbound traffic has to find another route. Northbound traffic is diverted along **Bedford Hill**, SW12, between **Ritherdon Road** and **Station Road**, because of sewer works there.

Traffic is being held up elsewhere in London by major improvement schemes that are still far from completion.

The one-way system at Oxford Circus, due to the reconstruction of the Underground station, continues. Marylebone Road is not yet back to normal. Westbound traffic is diverted near **Cosway Street** and there are traffic delays between **Baker Street** and **Enford Street** because of road widening.

Traffic delays at **Swiss Cottage** continue because of the reconstruction and widening of the Finchley Road. In Hampstead, reconstruction work in **East Heath Road** between **Holford Road** and **Southend Road** means northbound traffic is diverted.

Bridge works in **Kentish Town Road**, NW5, by **Leighton Road**, are causing traffic delays. Northbound traffic is diverted for the same reason in **Highbury Grove** between **St Paul's Road** and **Grosvenor Avenue**.

There are a number of diversions and delays in East London. The roundabout being built at the junction of **City Road** and **Old Street** means northbound traffic is diverted. Sewer works in **Kingsland Road** at the junction with **Falkirk Street** are causing traffic delays and some turns are banned. The construction of the flyover at **Bow Bridge**, Poplar is slowing up traffic there.

There are also traffic delays in the **Mile End Road** at its junction with **Burdett Road** because of road reconstruction.

Angela Ince

AN excellent new book published this week takes would-be entertainers by the hand and guides them through the alphabet of party-giving. Called *Entertaining with Elegance*, by Genevieve Antoine Dariaux (Frederick Muller, 42s), it starts with A for Acquaintances and ends with Z for Zoo. Between A and Z Miss Dariaux has massed advice and information on every possible aspect of entertaining, from cocktail parties and dinner parties to how to give a beach party and how to avoid *faux pas*.

The sections I turned to most eagerly, however, were C for Conversation and E for Emergencies. My feeling is that most people remember an evening with pleasure or horror because of what was said at it, and not what was eaten, and there's no doubt that few dinner parties pass without an emergency cropping up, whether it's noticed by the guests or not. Most of us, when we give a party and gather eight people round our table, like to think that what we have got are, in fact, eight witty, knowledgeable conversationalists, eager to enter the lists and bubbling with the excitement of it all.

Anecdotes

All of them, we hope, have come equipped with droll anecdotes, deep epigrams, and the latest on what George said to Jim at the House. Our guests will, with luck, have spent yesterday morning at the new retrospective exhibition at the Tate. Yesterday afternoon they read the latest Iris Murdoch, and last night they were at the first night of Pinter's most controversial play, and they are going to be ready and willing to talk about them.

All this, in my experience, is a pretty hopeless dream. My view is that out of the average eight people gathered round a table you will have: Mr and Mrs A, who spent the drive on their way to your house discussing, with few holds barred, the absolutely ludicrous way Mr A's sister behaved at their wedding six years ago (but then everybody knows that Mr A's family always were peculiar), Mrs A's habit of Never Shutting Doors Behind Her and her Absolutely Wanton Wasting of money by leaving the sitting-room light on all night, why are Mr A's socks never darned like other men's, and what does Mr A think it's like doing nothing but the washing-up all day while Mr A saunters round the City drinking Campari with his friends?

Glassy-eyed

Mr and Mrs A, by the time they reach your house, have by no means exhausted these subjects, and behind their glassy eyes and frenzied grins (poorly designed to show what a good mood they're in and how much they are enjoying themselves) are pleasurably rehearsing exactly what they are going to say to each other on the drive home again. (Human nature being what it is, they will very likely resolve their quarrel while discussing the awful taste displayed by your dining-room wallpaper, but then that is what keeps marriages going.)

The other couple at this dinner-party are Mr and Mrs B, who have been married for two months and are so much in love that the rest of the party can hardly bear to look at them, let alone listen to their rose-bud conversation. Then there is Miss C, who is just getting over an unhappy love affair, and who jumps nervously every time the phone rings in case it is He, who has miraculously found out where she is and is ringing to beg her to drop everything and follow him to Nigeria, where he has found a frightfully good job with UNO.

The party is completed by Mr D, who has been asked solely in order to take Miss C's mind off things, and cares less than nothing for the plan.

The culprits

And, of course, there are the host and hostess, who are beginning to wonder why they started the whole thing, anyway. He is worrying about should he open another bottle of Rudesheimer '52, and she is mentally counting Brussels sprouts and wishing she'd bought four pounds instead of three.

This collection is, on the face of it, poor conversational material, and it is presumably for situations like this that Miss Dariaux suggests "If the conversation lags and the evening begins to seem long, she (the hostess) can always adopt the proven technique of asking questions in order to get the guests talking about themselves."

The trouble of course is, with *that* little lot you'd have to pick some pretty cunning questions.

Feeble effort

I should like to make a sharp suggestion that Britain's Bigger Export Drive should start at London Airport. Visitors to this country on their way home gravitate naturally to the duty-free shop there for last-minute purchases, and for my money it's a pretty dull affair. Drink and cigarettes and a few extras compare poorly with what is available at the duty-free shops at Schiphol Airport in Amsterdam, and most notably at Paris' Orly Airport. At Orly, beside alcohol and tobacco, you can buy any variety of scent you have ever heard of, super silk squares and other desirable franc-snatching objects.

And at Orly there is also a supermarket, admittedly not duty-free, but full of delicious French food to bring home at the last minute. I can't help feeling it would help our commercial image if the duty-free shop at London Airport looked more like an actual shop, and a little less like Last Chance Gulch.

Cossack makes crazy mixed up drinks

Cossack VODKA breathtakingly pure

Cossack may look innocent enough. But it's made with one hundred per cent pure spirit. People have been known to gasp with excitement when they drink it!

Cossack co-habits gaily with tomato juice, orange juice, lemonade, ginger beer, tonic, coke and so on.

And if you think you need a visa to drink Cossack and American Dry, we've got news for you.*

This particular vodka is filtered through charcoal until it's so pure, it's even clearer than the glass you drink it from.

It leaves your breath clean, your head clear.

Always drop a block or two of ice into your Cossack-and-Something.

Apart from that, there aren't any rules for drinking Cossack. That's the nice thing about it.

Ready?

***Cossack and American Dry.** A measure of Cossack. Lots of ice. Top up with American Dry Ginger.

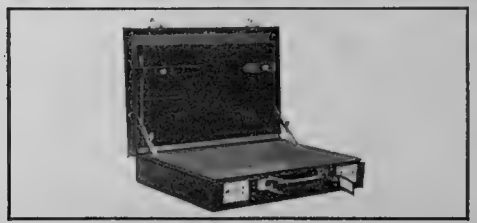
LONDON'S BOOMING ORCHESTRA

The London Symphony Orchestra is selling Britain abroad. It is not their playing alone that promotes their popularity. Personality plays a big part in the orchestra's success. A *London Life* reporter talks to some of these remarkable musicians (seen at rehearsal, right) and finds out the reasons for their youthful appeal

A GIRL in her early twenties had slipped quietly up to the empty balcony of the auditorium. No sooner was she seated than she heard a hoot from the group on the ground floor, saw 100 pairs of male eyes turn toward her. For a few seconds there was pandemonium. There were toots, trills, warbles, and a thunder of foot-stamping. Then the group was rapped to order. They were not undergraduates in the dining hall of Magdalen College, Oxford . . . they were not young officers in the Mess of the Grenadier Guards. They were members of the London Symphony Orchestra, recording Walton's Symphony No 1 at Walthamstow Town Hall.

Maestro André Previn was conducting that day; said he: "They're like a troop of immensely gifted Boy Scouts, aren't they? This is the fifth recording I've done with them. But I remember, before first worked with them, I had a vision of 100 very staid British gentlemen, all playing beautifully. I was terrified!"

Not only is the London Symphony Orchestra a group of relatively young musicians (their average age is 36) it is one which has earned an



The top executives' constant companion; The Dunhill Executive Travel Case. Just one example of the wide range of rare quality goods from the leather department of the Dunhill Shop. Specially designed in hand-dressed, full grain black hide, it is fitted with combination locks and separate detachable brief case. £55

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international reputation for being young at heart.

This quality, as much as the virtuosity of its music, is the significant spirit which is winning the LSO devotees abroad with each foreign tour they make. In 1966 they made their second world tour, via Hong Kong, Singapore, Australia and the USA; this summer they were the resident orchestra of Florida's International Arts Festival at Daytona Beach – and they have been invited back next year.

Though fitting an average of more than 100 concerts a year into their London programme, during recent years the LSO has managed foreign engagements from Holland to Greece, from Portugal to Korea. Appearances at Carnegie Hall are a seasonal thing. The LSO is reputedly Britain's busiest orchestra in the record-making market.

Immersion

Even removed from the quality (and quantity) of their music, the LSO has an undeniably unique character of its own. According to experts, LSO musicians possess one trait which serves their virtuosity more than any other quality could – the ability to immerse their whole attention instantaneously in their music, then to relax just as totally the minute the baton falls.

Terry Palmer, personnel manager, said during a recording break: "The tension is tremendous for them. The push to be perfect every time involves total concentration. When it's over, they've got to release – and they do!" To emphasise his point, there was a shout from below and a toy flying-saucer came lobbing across the auditorium, just evading a bassoonist's outthrust fingertips.

To watch individual musicians find their "release," at a rehearsal or a recording session, is to see a contrast in master - musicianship and human foibles. Take, for example, bearded trombonist Frank Mathison, who plays with rapt attention, his feet poised precisely before him on the edge of his platform; comes the break, and he slides back to his chair, puts down his trombone and leafs over a copy of *Yachting and Boating* – the prototype of a salty yachtsman (which he is).

Take double-bass principal Stuart Knussen, the giant, red-headed figure from Manchester, whose face while playing reveals a gamut of expressions, all showing complete loss-of-self in his music; at a midday recess, he habitually curls up in the stalls to catch 40 winks – a must, he says, for his musical day.

Take double-bass player John Duffy, as rapt as the rest, who leaps to his feet with the cry: "I won!" when conductor Previn calls the recording session closed – it is 3.30 precisely, which means Duffy is the eight-bob winner of the daily pool.

Jack Long, 'cellist, is thought to be the blithest spirit of the lot. Said one of his colleagues: "He can keep you laughing for an hour or two. You'll never hear a story the way he tells it – it's great for morale." Soberly, the informer added: "Of course, none of us lark around while we're playing."

The violas

Not to be forgotten is the "viola coterie" – a group of adventurous souls who, on tour, reportedly "live dangerously among the natives" . . . they took their own private villa in Daytona Beach. Generally speaking, they make a cult of blending into the local scenery.

These, then, are the music-makers – a group of artists importantly "generous with their span of attention," as maestro Previn put it.

Enthusiasm is the mark of the LSO's particular genius: "What audiences consider to be a 'most un-English' enthusiasm," says Ernest Fleischmann, General Secretary of the orchestra. "Some have called it 'nothing short of abandon'."

Mr Fleischmann theorises that it is this quality which permeates the LSO's playing, leading critics the world over to praise the orchestra's rise to the rank of symphony orchestra *par excellence* . . . resulting in such triumphs as return engagements three years running in Tokyo (where there is an LSO Fan Club of over 1,000 members) or every-other-yearly bookings at the Vienna Festival, where the LSO achieves spectacular contact with the music-listening Viennese (meaning just about the whole of Vienna).

The orchestra's accessibility to the public is no myth; as a group of artists, they are decidedly extrovert. Says Alan Jenkins, principal tuba: "We're audience-conscious – in the sense that we don't sit up there thinking 'music is art' and be damned with the audience. We like to go after them as people. Sometimes, especially when we're on tour, we hang around in the lobbies before concerts and try just to talk with people."

Ernest Fleischmann continued: "I don't know what it is exactly – perhaps their youth, a kind of boyishness . . . but the LSO has proven itself capable of achieving tremendous *rapport* with audiences. All the travel they've done in the last five or six years has made them more worldly – they hadn't toured much until 1960. But musicians living and playing together daily – as they do on tour, and as opposed to playing and rehearsing for home engagements alone – it does a lot for the development of an orchestra's own unique personality.

Exposure

"Thanks to tremendous exposure now to world 'music-scenes,' the LSO is incredibly resilient, responsive, receptive – this comes from experiences like working under a wide variety of noted guest conductors – both at home and abroad."

In recent years, LSO con-

"We don't sit up there thinking 'music is art' and be damned with the audience"

Barry Tuckwell, principal horn: "I inherited perfect pitch"

Stuart Knussen, double-bass: Third-generation musician

ductors have included such names as Georg Solti, George Szell, Leonard Bernstein, Benjamin Britten, and Aaron Copeland – not forgetting, of course, their own brilliant principal conductor, Istvan Kertesz, and their former chief, the late Pierre Monteux.

Mr Fleischmann added: "Their exuberance is as unadulterated as it could be. They don't play for the box office. I think the attitude stems from their independence – the self-governing set-up of the orchestra. Each member is a shareholder – that means every musician has a personal stake in the orchestra's enterprises. *I'm* employed by each of *them*."

Democracy

Perhaps it is this stake which inspires the LSO's ebullient personal pride – a quality the listener and observer can't help noticing. Said Alan Jenkins: "Basically, it's the democracy of it. There's no 'right way' – this kind of freedom can be a strength or it can be a weakness. With us I think it's a strength. For example, choosing our own conductors – we could – but we *don't* – choose the lenient ones. Mind you, we may not personally *like* each one we do ask, but they're always the ones that bring out the best."

In contrast, conductor Previn interjected: "*They're* the ones who insist on doing a piece perfectly – it's this personal pride of theirs in the music of the whole."

Meet the LSO's principal oboe, Roger Lord. In his fourteenth year with the LSO, by consensus he is voted "the man who has won the respect of the entire group" – perhaps a difficult achievement among 100 artistic temperaments. Not the least of Mr Lord's accomplishments is his virtuosity as a musician, earning him world-wide acclaim (aside from his work with the LSO) as soloist and recording artist. Yet for all his success, he is cited as one of the most modest, unflamboyant, even self-effacing members of the group.

Some LSO members are born into music – like Stuart Knussen, a third-generation musician. The tradition carries on; his 14-year-old son Oliver is predicted to be a forthcoming maestro. Australian-born Barry Tuckwell, principal horn, is another: "All my father's generation were musicians – three pianists and a violinist. My sister and I inherited perfect pitch – my introduction was as simple as that."

Obsessed

Then meet timpanist Kurt Goedicke. Billed by a Viennese critic as "a Paganini among timpanists," his good looks lend his percussion, an almost primitive aura – even performing something as civilised as Walton's Symphony No 1. He is a man obsessed with his instruments. Says avuncular orchestral attendant Danny Liddington: "He treats those drums like four babies – they're untouchable." And with good reason – one set of Mr Goedicke's instruments is valued at £1,500.

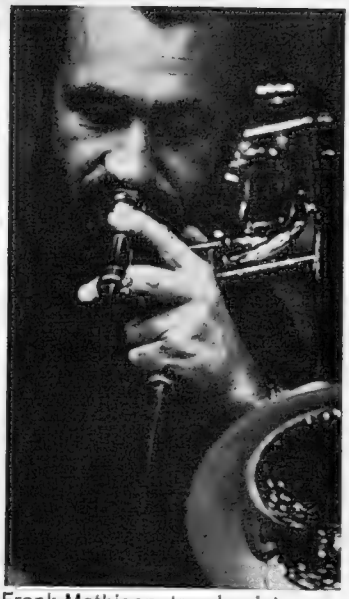
Goedicke, too, was born into music – his grandfather was a musician, his cousin, principal double bass in the Berlin Philharmonic.

By contrast, there are those in the LSO who came upon musicianship by other means than "heredity" like Frank Mathison, who tells of his childhood days in Yorkshire, when he arrived in music "by accident." "My mate and I were playing where we shouldn't have been, by the stage door of 'The Old Band-room' in Huddersfield. Someone came out to ask what we were doing there, and we couldn't think of anything to say, except 'We've come to join the band'... It happened they were forming a boys' band that week. I was assigned the cornet." From there, Mathison moved to horn, tuba, and finally trombone, moving up in the musical world from Army trumpeter to the Wolverhampton Hippodrome, then the Birmingham Orchestra, then the LSO, where he has been for years. In his off-hours, Mathison teaches

Jack Long, cellist: Blithest spirit of the lot

Alan Jenkins, principal tuba: "You must be committed"

Kurt Goedicke: A Paganini among timpanists



Frank Mathison, trombonist: Music by accident

music to blind children at the Lyndon Lodge School for the Blind. His 12-year-old son plays the trumpet, and has received a scholarship from the Royal Academy.

Most of the LSO's members have activities in the musical world aside from their orchestral endeavours. Some, like Gervase de Peyer, even combine several careers in one. (Mr de Peyer is acknowledged to be one of the world's most distinguished clarinetists.)

In this vein, Alan Jenkins remarked: "Like most things, one can be interested and participate without becoming fanatical about things. You must be committed to what you're doing – but there are degrees of that. There must be as many different perspectives on that subject as there are musicians in the orchestra. We all take our music seriously. Our private pastimes, well – that depends," he laughed. "Now me – I head up our horse-racing syndicate."

Principal second violinist Neville Marriner is one musician who speaks of his LSO commitments in relative terms; aside from LSO work, he leads his own Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, is involved in recordings and performances on his own, writes musical articles for the Royal College of Music Journal, and talks on musical matters for the BBC. Says he: "Those who've been with the LSO for the last 10 years, while it really made its name, can remember the lean days and what it was like to be an *un*successful orchestra. Then, about '56, we started to get in a lot of bright new blood We've worked hard since then. Success is marvellous; it's wonderful to be lionised. But meanwhile life goes on, and we tend to expand our interests, as any confident individual artist would.

"As a group, though, we have a healthy self-confidence now – it's the 'self-made-man' attitude, I suppose."

Barry Tuckwell, a musician of equally widespread interests, is chairman of the LSO's member-manned board of directors. He explains: "Yes, our attitude might seem even a bit blasé to an outsider. But don't forget that music is our *life* – I think it's this kind of attitude which takes the credit for the 'spontaneity'."

Temperamentally, the LSO doesn't just live up to the "long hair" image. Alan Jenkins remarked a bit ruefully: "We're not a particularly 'holy' orchestra, are we? Do you think people mind? We tend to enjoy ourselves – both playing and in private."

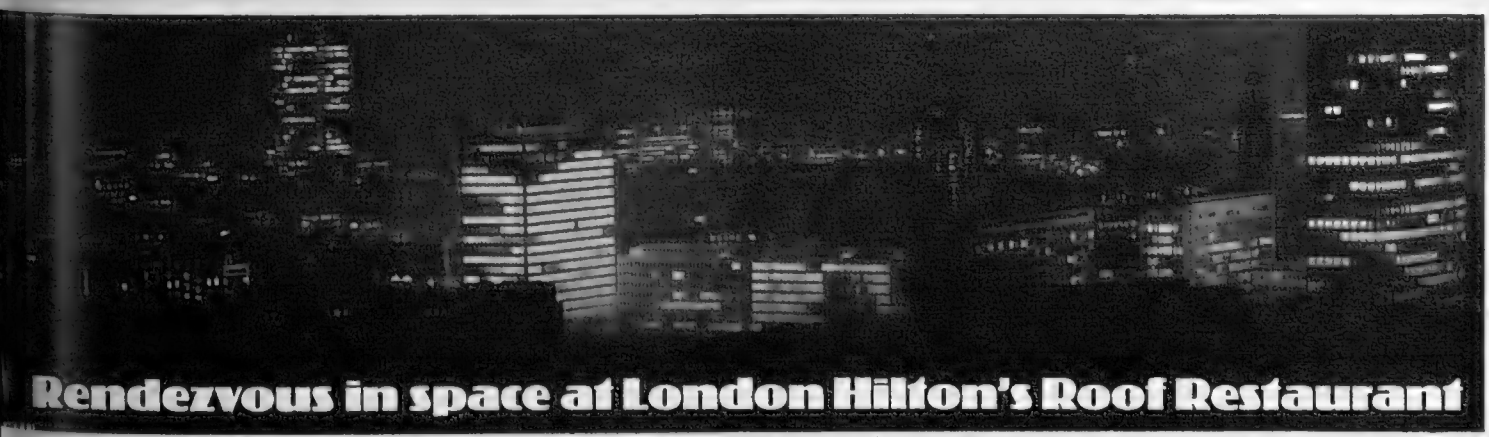
Said Robert Angles, recording manager for RCA Victor: "Obviously, all of them are the finest of artists. Naturally there are a few music-world idols among them. But you'd be hard-pressed to know which ones they were from any airs they put on – and without an audience around."

And André Previn, speaking of artistry, concluded: "The LSO is like a chameleon. They have the ability to *infuse* their playing with the qualities demanded by any piece of music, any given conductor, any circumstances of performance, or what have you. Like when I conduct – I'm after a vital, sharp sound. But then when they do something, say, from the German school, they can go 'plusher,' get more turgid, *instinctively*. Added to this, you just can't miss their tremendous international rapport. They're the best there is these days."

Reward

And for the best there is, nothing but the best. The LSO's new lease of life, which was gathering momentum from the late '50s onward, is culminating in the recent honour of being chosen the resident orchestra for the concert hall to be built at the Barbican.

"The fact that we'll be consulted at all stages during the design and building of the hall presents tremendous challenges," commented Ernest Fleischmann. "To us, it represents the confidence placed in the LSO by the City of London. Nothing could illustrate – or reward – our enthusiasm better than this undertaking."



An out of this world evening. Dancing and fine food, "All systems go" at the London Hilton Roof Restaurant. For reservations phone HYDe Park 8000.

Zap-a-tap!

AS you stroll past the restaurant's modest entrance in the cool of a summer's evening, a curious noise – guitars and castanets, mostly – beckons the ear to its source. It seems to be coming from the very bowels of the pavement. You're curious, and just a bit hungry – and so you step inside Antonio's Spanish Restaurant in Long Acre. You walk precariously down the steep, creaky stairs and into the candle-lit cellar-restaurant from which came the sound. It is full of atmosphere and very crowded, with posters, murals, and bits and bobs oh-so-Spanish. What's more, it's very romantic: take your girl-friend there and the scene's set.

The food and selection of Spanish wines is excellent, and there's dancing and cabaret between 8.30 and midnight. It was here that we discovered El Tuto and his group of singers, guitarists and dancers. El Tuto, who has been dancing at Antonio's for the last six months, is 27 and comes from Cordoba, a picturesque town lying in a huge valley some 75 miles out of Seville. We could see straight away that he was something rather special, an artist whose famed *duende* was of the real stuff from which Flamenco is made. It was really only to be expected that the occasional *olé* should escape the lips of the more enthusiastic diners, as El Tuto went wholeheartedly into the inevitable *zapateado*, or zap-a-tap, as some admirers of the Spanish dance prefer to call it. Body taut, back arched, legs quivering, head held proudly back, arms first posed and then flung into innumerable positions, the feet stamping out rhythms as varied as Morse code. Sweat, at first hardly visible, began to saturate his expressive face as the tempo livened up. We cheered; we

took another drink of our *mateus rosé*, its pinkness scarcely discernible by the poverty of light, and we cheered again.

El Tuto, his body charged with consummate emotion, reached the climax of his performance: hair disarrayed as if by an Andalusian gale, his waist-jacket long since thrown off for greater freedom, and his ruffle displayed untidily but proudly in front. This was great stuff, so we brought him back to our studio, where the unique pictures above were taken. For over half an hour, El Tuto went non-stop through his cabaret act so that photographer Stephen Goldblatt could get the sort of pictures he thought most summed up the vigorous excitement of the Flamenco dancer.

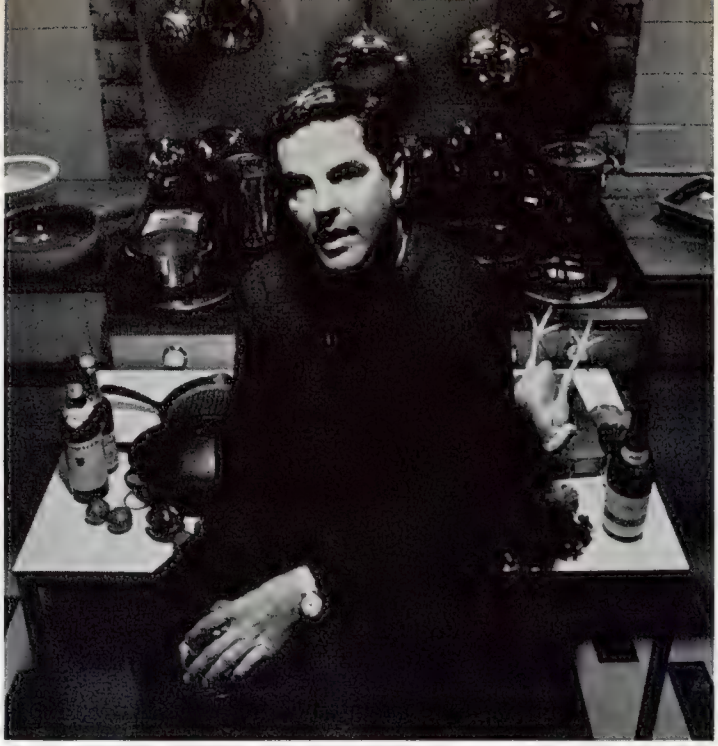
"El Tuto doesn't speak a word of English," says Goldblatt, "so I simply asked him by gestures to dance as if he were at Antonio's, and to forget that a camera was facing him. He was marvellous and put everything he had into his dancing."

To get these results, Tri-X film was used, set at a fixed aperture of *f*5.6, and a special electronic flash (capable of firing at anything up to 1,200 flashes a minute) was fitted to the camera. For the actual picture-taking, the camera was given a total exposure of either $\frac{1}{2}$ or 1 second, and each flash formed a separate image. Look closely at the pictures and five or more images will be seen in each exposure.

El Tuto looked tired when he left us, because Flamenco is among the most energy-consuming of all forms of dancing. But for him this was just another performance, for at Antonio's such half-hour cabarets are given four times during the evening. The candles, the only form of illumination in the cellar-restaurant, are very low now; the running wax has formed a thousand miniature sculptures down the bottle and on to our table; El Tuto has made his final appearance of the evening.

Outside the noises bring us back to London: revving lorries, the sounds of an awakening city – and the smell of cabbages. Day is just beginning for the porters in Covent Garden market as El Tuto and his group head for home.

Story by IAN WOODWARD
Pictures by STEPHEN GOLDBLATT



HOW A DREAM CAME TO EARTH IN ISLINGTON

Every connoisseur of good food cherishes an ideal of the perfect restaurant. And when opportunity beckoned to Robert Carrier (in his kitchen above) something very special was started, writes ARTHUR POTTERSMAN

MR Robert Carrier's assault upon our senses will be launched during the evening of 5 October. The first barrage will be made by deep-green felt walls and ceiling with black ebony cornices, two-tone carpeting, flame-pink and *café-au-lait* table-cloths and napkins, black lacquered chairs, and low-keyed lighting.

A second line of attack will then be made by way of the kitchen. Principal artillery: smells. But a secondary line of attack will be visual – "the kitchen will be open, lit like a theatre," says Robert Carrier.

I am describing, as you may or may not have realised, a new restaurant which Robert Carrier, cookery editor of the *Sunday Times* Colour Magazine, is now readying at Number 2 Camden Passage. Mr Carrier, a self-confessed 42-year-old who may well be pretty tough behind all that good taste, puts it this way:

"I want to let the senses loose, visually with the décor, and with the food. I don't guarantee that the service will be remarkable. You should get the informal feeling of visiting somebody's house for an evening's entertainment rather than of being in a cold, publicly appointed restaurant with perfect staff. The atmosphere will be intimate and exclusive. There will be something personal permanently there from my own home – a chandelier, a painting, a 19th century French stove – as a good luck thing. Cooking smells will be 'visible,' too, because that's what you get in your own home."

"I was greedy"

Mr Carrier, you will have detected, is something of a sensualist about food. I asked him how he became interested in the subject: "I was greedy! I've been cooking since the age of four. My mother was German, my father Irish" – Carrier was born in Tarrytown, 25 miles up the Hudson in New York State – "and they and my two brothers and I, all cooked, just for pleasure.

"During the war I went to France in the OSS (America's SOE), and I settled there in 1946 to handle the French government's Press relations via radio to America. The French were facing great problems about food, and all the time I was working there I became more and more interested in food because they were. As each new thing came back, all my friends exclaimed with joy, and I did, too."

Carrier found himself guided, food-wise, by M Curnonsky, elected "Prince of Gastronomes" in food circles, and one of the greatest food figures of that period. Carrier also acquired a daily who was a retired Cordon Blue cook.

Then he came to London in 1953 to see the Coronation – and simply stayed. Britain, he sensed, was recovering from the war, too, life-wise as well as food-wise. He started writing for the glossy magazines in 1958, and five years later produced *Great Dishes of the World*, the first cookbook to achieve best-seller status.

He still runs a PR firm, which handles among other accounts apples and pears for the National Farmers' Union, but tells with a glow of pride how he has been offered at different times the job of handling a swish London hotel and a West End night-club. Those he turned down. How come now he's going into the business himself?

"It started with a valet I used to have. One day I found him shining my shoes. This was too much, and I told him 'I will buy you a restaurant.' I supposed a Greek hamburger bar was what Janni and I both had in mind.

"Blithely I bought this place in the Passage when it came up for sale. Janni got very excited, but I told him to wait because I wanted to decorate it. I kept making suggestions – I would make *pâtés* and *terrines* for him, his wife would make *moussaka*, Janni would make the *quiches* which I taught him to do.

"Then he left my employ as valet! That left me with the restaurant. I love things like this – it's destiny."

No bugbears

Carrier sees the whole thing as a marvellous opportunity to create a restaurant exactly as he wants it. "Little by little I've fallen in love with the idea. I shall be able to get rid of all my pet bugbears about restaurants."

I told him many London restaurateurs have been telling me it is "suicidal" to open any kind of eatery in town right now. Robert Carrier, whose professional life started in the American theatre, shrugged that one off coolly:

An entertainment

"The era has come now for dining out as an entertainment. And then, I have a big following as far as food people are concerned. I don't have to worry about my clientele. If the restaurant is good enough they will come again and again."

What will you get at Carrier's, as it is to be called? Basically dinner from Monday to Saturday and lunch from Tuesday to Friday – there may be a stand-up lunch on Saturdays, too, after which you may stagger out replete to spend more money on the Camden Passage antique shops if the purchasable bits of antique décor in Carrier's have not busted you. Phone number by the way, is CAN 5353.

After the flamboyance of the décor, says Robert Carrier, the plates you eat on will be very simple: plain white Royal Worcester, with light but chunky-looking Queen Anne cutlery. The menu will change four times a year, and dinner will probably cost a fiver for two, including wine.

Carrier will cook a bit himself – "it's no strain, I'm very casual," he says – but his chef is a young man who has been working at the Savoy, Serge Thevenon. The menu will be in French and English.

Carrier the restaurateur is not averse to a spot of self-parody. The daily menu will contain a "Great Dish of the Day," as well as other regular items. Here are some sample dishes:

Avocado pear – "for cissies"; ballotine of duck; brandade of smoked trout; *poulet au vapeur* – rubbed with Madeira; *boeuf à la ficelle* – a kind of seared, pink *pot au feu*; sweetbreads in the ashes; trout *armoured* with almonds; cold *zabaglione* with champagne, and flavoured with kummel.

Serious preparations started on 12 September. Carrier and staff have been cooking, eating, testing for three weeks, come October's opening night. "I wanted to move my bed in last night," he told me. "The kitchen is so pretty."

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The black and white 'Crimplene' show

'Crimplene' TERYLENE

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Vicky in a stunning classic by Lerose, style 444, in 'Crimplene', about £11.7.6, and Ina in a winning number, in 'Crimplene' of course, by Dumarsel, style 1832, with a little belt she can tie round anywhere...about 7 gns, mini chessboard extra!

Grande finale

'Crimplene' 'TERYLENE'

Vicky takes a late night break in a long white gown in 'Crimplene' by Jerseyfield, style D 626: about 15 gns. And Ina swings into a short Dorville dress, style J 1105—in 'Crimplene' too—that costs about 31 gns.

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ALL THE FUN OF THE FURS

Winter is almost here and who cares? Time to enjoy the most stunning, fun-full fur season ever. Gone are the days when only the rich could afford a good fur. At last a selection that doesn't cost the earth. Fur is a fantastic morale booster — and well worth the price

Report by
NORMA MORICEAU
and
MARGARET DREYFUS

Pictures by
PETER AKEHURST

ALL THE FUN OF THE FURS

Black and white striped coney coat from Wallis, approx: 60 guineas; black musquash hat from Herbert Johnson, 30 guineas.

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ALL THE FUN OF THE FURS

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Fenwick,
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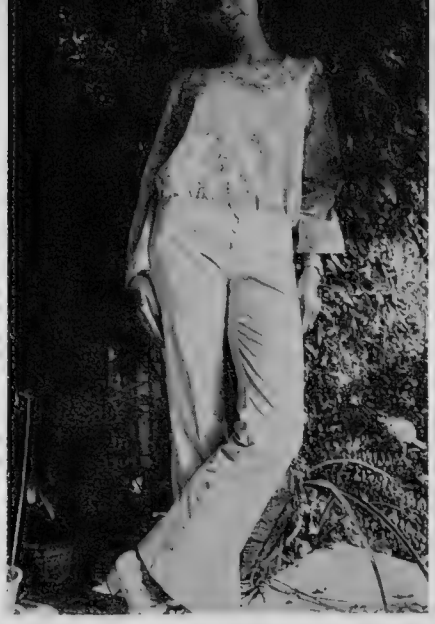
(MAY 9161).

WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING

Joy Forester (above): Wearing an emerald-green cashmere Chanel-type suit from Paris with a purple crépon blouse from Neatawear. She has just come back from her holidays in the Canary Islands.

Pamela Sheel (right): Wearing a beige woollen dress with grey checks on the skirt, from Avantgarde. Pamela made her earrings which contain colour transparencies of the Beatles.



Muffin Andrews (above): A ground hostess for British United Airways, wearing an evening dress from Fenwick. Full black lace over a strapless black silk sheath.

Catherine Milroy (left): Wearing a casua outfit she made herself. The trousers are in pink cotton and the top in pink and orange nylon. Catherine is studying for her A levels, but also designs trousers for her brother's shop, called John, in Camberley.

Joan North (below): She is personal assistant to Gerald McCann, and is wearing a purple trouser-suit from Gerald McCann with a bright pink scarf.

Nicola Lydall (above): Wearing a white long-haired coney coat which she bought at Miss Selfridges, which opened on 13 September. Nicola does temporary secretarial work at the Brompton Bureau, as well as some modelling

ONE WOMAN'S WARDROBE

This week – Mrs Susan Wilding

Stone-coloured hand-knitted jacket with mink inserts and matching trousers. Made exclusively. From Oliver Gintel in New York.

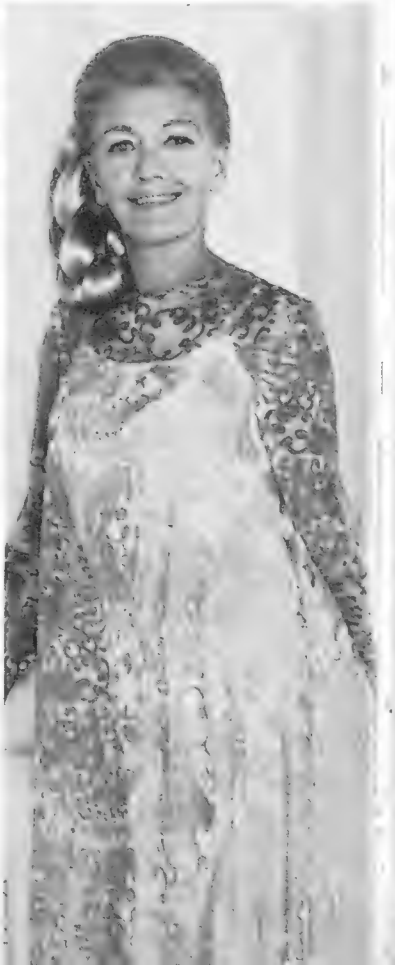
Mrs Susan Wilding, former wife of actor Michael Wilding, lives mainly in New York. Mrs Wilding does interior decorating, and has just redecorated her London flat. She loves smart elegant clothes and has a wide selection. Her favourite colour is shocking pink and she devotes a great deal of care to matching accessories. Most of her handbags come from Gucci, preferably in black or beige crocodile. She has slender feet and favours Delmans shoes in New York. She is rarely without white kid gloves, but never wears hats; consequently she spends a great deal of time on her hair, using hair-pieces, which she considers her chief extravagance. "I often have my hair done three times a day, always by Ricky at Vidal Sassoon." Mrs Wilding loves jewellery; her favourite piece being a diamond heart worn round her neck. It was given to her by Michael Wilding – instead of an engagement ring.

Mrs Wilding goes mainly to Hartnell or Mattli in London and Pierre Balmain in Paris, but "of course, anywhere else if I see something I like." She buys most of her gabardine coats and rainwear from Aquascutum. Her most precious fur is sable, but she has a wide variety of others – short jackets and coats. I asked Mrs Wilding about short skirts and long hair. She said: "Short skirts are great fun for the very young – not over 24 – and if I was younger I would have my hair down to my waist." She uses very little make-up. Her most comfortable outfits are blouses and slacks to match, which she gets from Capri. Apart from decorating, Mrs Wilding can cook – in any language. Most of all she likes cooking soufflés, baked Alaska and sole bonne femme.

Report by Margaret Dreyfus. Pictures by John Seymour.

Above: Chinese-style long jacket with a long skirt from Mattli in facome material with a quilted effect in turquoise, pink and gold. **Top:** Long, high-waisted evening dress in white silk jersey from Mattli. **Below:** Double-breasted suit in watermelon pink from Mattli.

Above: Pale grey crêpe shift dress with a navy-blue pattern around neck and hemline, from the Sohie Room at Saks, Fifth Avenue, New York. **Below:** Cocktail dress in chiffon print in delicate shades of pink, mauve, green and turquoise. The transparent sleeves are frilled round the cuffs.



HOW TO BE THE COMPLETE LONDON LIFER

Fancy yourself as a real good sport ?

The fifth of a series of quizzes
designed by ROGER BAKER. This week: mainly sporting.

1. Is your idea of a holiday:
(a) moving from grouse moor to salmon stream
(b) moving from scuba to night-clubbing
(c) moving from one smoke-filled room to another

2. Where did you last go gambling?:
(a) the Pair of Shoes
(b) Crockfords
(c) The Playboy Club
(d) Some other place – or not at all

3. Which of the following trios would you invite for Sunday morning drinks?:
(a) Christine Truman, Stirling Moss, Tommy Trinder
(b) Gary Sobers, Bobby Moore, Jack Brabham
(c) Billy Wright, Mick MacManus, Graham Hill

4. At Cowes, you stay at:
(a) The Royal Corinthian Yacht Club
(b) The Royal Yacht Squadron
(c) Sir Max Aitken's house

5. You have always regarded yourself as a hot-dogger, but one day you get involved with a number of gremmies, miss out on a stoker and suffer a wipeout. You are:
(a) filling in your pools coupon
(b) splashing about off Cornwall
(c) playing chess

6. On a wet evening at home you will tend to play:
(a) bridge
(b) roulette
(c) charades

7. On Saturday afternoon, you will most likely:
(a) play (or watch) rugger
(b) watch some motor racing
(c) watch a breathless parade of golf, wrestling, swimming etc., from the comfort of your armchair

8. To you, a horse is:
(a) something to put clothes on
(b) something to get up on,
(c) something to put money on

9. Your sporting dream of glory is:
(a) to cross the Gobi desert on foot
(b) to fly round the world alone
(c) to travel from Salford 7 to Little Venice by canal

10. When you go to Brighton, your method of travel is:
(a) in your de Dion Bouton 1900
(b) on the mass walk organised by the Ilford YMCA
(c) On the 11 pm from Victoria with Dora Bryan and Laurence Olivier

11. In St Moritz, you'd enjoy most:
(a) the ski-ing
(b) the car ride up to the slopes
(c) turning over an English lord's Bentley

12. Have you done any of the following things? Tick them off – been banned from the Royal Enclosure at Ascot; caught a crab at Henley; gone to sleep during a Test match; thrown your handbag at a wrestler; laid aniseed across hunt country; played pelota; ridden in Rotten Row; swum Lake Windermere; been photographed for the William Hickey column while playing cricket on a remote Yugoslavian beach with local children; played touch football with the Kennedys

HOW TO SCORE

1. (a) 3 (b) 5 (c) 2
2. (a) 5 (b) 2 (c) 1 (d) 0
3. (a) 0 (b) 2 (c) 5
4. (a) 5 (b) 4 (c) 5
5. (a) 0 (b) 5 – they are surfing terms (c) 0
6. (a) 2 (b) 3 (c) 5
7. (a) 4 (b) 3 (c) 0
8. (a) 0 (b) 5 (c) 3
9. (a) 4 (b) 5 (c) 2
10. (a) 4 (b) 0 (c) 5
11. (a) 5 (b) 0 (c) 3
12. deduct one mark for each of the first five; add one mark for each of the second five

HOW YOU RATE

Over 50:
Excellent score, reveals a pleasant detachment but basic skill

40-50:
You will certainly keep your figure, but there may be a tendency to be a touch hearty in other contexts

30-40:
there is more to sport than filling in coupons and watching television, drinking in the evening and general horse-play

Under 30:
you may be one of those pleasant, witty people that are lean and muscular and have never kicked a ball or run a race in your life. But I doubt it

They're back!

The cigarettes for smokers who like something a little better. Now imported and on sale at all leading tobacconists.

Philip Morris
REGULAR 20 for 5/6

Marlboro
LONG SIZE 20 for 5/-

MAKE A DATE

MONDAY 26 SEPTEMBER

Concert: Sir William Walton conducts *Façade*, with New Philharmonia Ensemble. Royal Festival Hall. 8 pm.

THURSDAY 29 SEPTEMBER

Film: Première of *After the Fox*, with Peter Sellers, Britt Ekland, Victor Mature, Vittorio De Sica. Odeon, Leicester Square.

MONDAY 3 OCTOBER

Show: Horse of the Year Show. Wembley (until 8th).

THURSDAY 6 OCTOBER

Film: Gala première of *The Bible . . . In the Beginning*. Coliseum (Cinerama) Theatre, St Martin's Lane.
Sale: Fine lithographs and drawings by Toulouse-Lautrec. Sotheby's. 11 am.
Theatre: Opening of *The Rivals*, with Sir Ralph Richardson and Margaret Rutherford. Haymarket Theatre.

FRIDAY 7 OCTOBER

Concert: Yehudi and Hephzibah Menuhin giving the first of three recitals, comprising complete cycle of Beethoven's violin sonatas. Royal Festival Hall. 8 pm (other recitals on 10 and 14 October).

SATURDAY 8 OCTOBER

Exhibition: Paintings, drawings and ceramics by Rouault. Tate Gallery (until 13 November).

WEDNESDAY 12 OCTOBER

Opera: Opening of two cycles of *Der Ring des Nibelungen*: Hans Hotter production with Georg Solti conducting (until 5 November).
Autumn Fashion Luncheon: Originals from Balenciaga, Balmain and other couturiers. In aid of the British Empire Campaign for Cancer Research. Hyde Park Hotel. 12.30 pm

FRIDAY 14 OCTOBER

Concert: Guitar recital by Segovia. Fairfield Hall, Croydon. 7.45 pm.

SATURDAY 15 OCTOBER

Jazz: Modern Jazz Quartet at Royal Festival Hall. 6.15 pm & 9 pm.
Netball: Tournament at Empire Pool, Wembley.

SUNDAY 16 OCTOBER

Recital: Mendelssohn and Clementi, by Joan Passmore and Robert Bell, at the house where Clementi lived. Tickets available from Residents Recitals, 34 Millgate Place, W8.

THURSDAY 27 OCTOBER

Film: Première of *What Did You Do in the War, Daddy?* starring James Coburn. Leicester Square Theatre.

MONDAY 31 OCTOBER

Film: World première of ballet film *Romeo and Juliet*, starring Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev. Festival Hall. 8 pm.

TUESDAY 15 NOVEMBER

Ball: Billy Smart's Circus Ball in aid of mentally handicapped children. Royal Albert Hall.

Dear London Life,

Your issue that contained Tom Hustler's girls in night attire was very interesting, but what about this one? It's a nightie from Biba's in white cotton and lace, but could be worn as an evening dress. The girl is Annette Fletcher, 18 years old, a this year's deb, also chosen to do a short film which is being written round her – quite an achievement. Producer-director Jacques deLane Lea spotted Annette playing tennis at the Hurlingham Club, and was impressed by her naturalness, the way she walked and the vivacity of her face when she talked to people. He asked her to come and see him, which she did, bringing her father, and agreed to do a test. The film, tentatively called *Girl*, is the story of a weekend at a country house, seen through the eyes of a 17-year-old girl. You are a progressive magazine, very popular among the swinging set, so thought you would like to know.

An Admirer

Picture by FALCON STUART

TODAY THE LIBRARY MEANS MORE THAN BOOKS

The library idea, meaning a pool of objects both desirable and hirable, is spreading fast. The books which started it still hold a strong sector of the field, but SHEILA FITZJONES here points out some wider opportunities for profitable borrowing

RECORD SPECIALITIES,
4 Duke's Rd, WC1 (EUS 2320)

A collection that offers the widest choice of any record library in the UK. You can borrow any record listed in *The Gramophone Classical Catalogue* or the *Jazz Journal* catalogue and they also have a good selection of folk music, drama, speech, etc. They can supply any records produced by the EMI, and also import foreign discs. They will spare no effort to find unusual or difficult recordings which members might like to borrow or buy.

You pay an initial subscription of £3 which entitles you to borrow up to six records. These are charged at monthly intervals until the subscription is used up, when you pay a further £3. Hiring Rates: Over 21s records, 8s 6d a month for new records, 5s for used. Under 21s records: 5s 6d a month for new ones, 3s 6d used. Post and packing per order, 2s 6d.

If you want to buy the records the hiring charge is deducted from the list price which is marked on the sleeve when it is sent to you – in this way you can use the library as a sort of "Sale or return" system for selective buying.

WILSON STEREO LIBRARY LTD.,
463 Streatham High Rd, SW16 (POL 2910)

An excellent collection of classical, dramatic, popular and jazz stereo records. Annual subscription 25s, 4d a day hire for a 12in. disc, 3d for a 10in. and 2d for 7in. stereos. Minimum time eight days, post and packing 2s 9d for 1 to 4 records, 2s for five or 6 records. You can also buy the records you borrow. The hiring fee is deducted from the list price and the price is reduced by 4s after it has been hired out once and by 2s for each subsequent hiring.

ARTISTS INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION,
15 Lisle St, WC2 (GER 4846)

A library-type system for paintings. You pay £2 registration fee then £1 a month for each painting you borrow – if you subsequently want to buy it, the hiring fee is deducted.

THE BRITISH JIGSAW PUZZLE LIBRARY,
430 Fulham Rd, SW6 (FUL 2316)

A collection of over 2,000 different puzzles, but there are so many jigsaw puzzle addicts around you might have to wait awhile before you can join. Subscription 12s a month, £4 10s a year. Postage is extra. No children's puzzles.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY SYSTEM

London's public libraries are excellent. In 1948 a scheme was started by which the Metropolitan Libraries began to collect every book published in this country, no matter how specialised. As a result every book published in Great Britain since that date is now permanently housed in some London public library. Each of the borough libraries specialises in a particular subject and you can inquire at your local branch for details or consult *The Directory of London Public Libraries* in a reference library. This gives details of all specialist collections plus the extra facilities that each library has to offer: for example, Chelsea specialises in biology, runs a photo-copying service, charges £2 deposit for gramophone library membership and has classical, light, jazz, language and children's records in the gramophone section – but no 78 discs. They also stage exhibitions and run film shows and story hours for children.

HARRODS LIBRARY
Knightsbridge, SW1

Probably offers subscribers the best chances of getting hold of the latest fiction. They also have a good selection of biography, history, music, travel, theatre and books on world affairs. If the book you want is not available, they will try to order a copy. Subscription for town and suburban members (free van delivery and collection) 10 guineas a year for borrowing one book at a time, £1 10s for two and £8 a year for each additional book. They also run an "occasional reader" service whereby you pay a subscription for a certain number of days, so that times when you are not actually borrowing a book do not count.

THE LONDON LIBRARY
14 St James's Sq, SW1 (WHI 6001)

A collection of over three-quarters of a million books. Membership fee is 14 guineas a year. Each member is allowed up to 10 books at a time. They do not buy fiction until six months after publication.

THE LIBRARIES, MUSEUMS & ART GALLERIES YEAR BOOK (1964)

This can be of great use as it gives details of all public and private libraries in the UK. For example, if you are interested in abolishing locusts, you can go to the Anti-Locust Research Centre Library in Princes Gate, SW7, where you will find all works relating to Orthoptera. There is hardly any branch of knowledge that the country's libraries do not cover comprehensively.

King's Ransom

Unchanged in a changing world!

The Luxury Scotch

Bottled at 82·3° proof

WILLIAM WHITELEY & CO.
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BRIDES OF THE WEEK

Above: A Victorian wedding took place at St Nicholas's Church, Carrickfergus Belfast, between Miss Jane Cooke, daughter of the Belgian Consul, Mr Ernest Cooke, and Mrs Cooke, of Robin Hill, Carrickfergus, and Mr Michael Brand, who works in London, son of Mr and Mrs H. Moore Brand, Heathlands, Lisburn.
Picture by Leslie Stuart.

Above: Miss Caroline Straker, daughter of Major and Mrs H N Straker, of the Garden Flat, Redcliffe Gardens, SW10, married Mr Patrick Springfield, Royal Artillery, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs G T O Springfield, of Mangreen Farm, Stanfield Dereham, Norfolk.
Picture by Belgrave Press Bureau.

Right: Miss Patricia Kennedy, daughter of Mr and Mrs A C Kennedy of Bermondsey, married Mr Barry Creasy, son of Mr and Mrs R Creasy, of Canterbury Court, NW6, at St Anne's, Thorburn Square, SE1.
Picture by Harry Harvey

Above: Miss Philippa Ann Ross, daughter of Mr and Mrs Alexander Ross, of Fairacres, Roehampton Lane, SW15, married Flying Officer John Macquarie Every Pym, RAF, son of Mr and Mrs Alexander M E Pym, of Brent Street, Lindfield, New South Wales, at Holy Trinity, Brompton.
Picture by Belgrave Press Bureau.

Above: Miss Joanna Katherine Jerdein, second daughter of Mrs R B Jerdein, of St Helen, Rickmansworth Road, Amersham, and Mr J W Jerdein, of Appletrees, Weald, Sevenoaks, married Mr Ronald March, only son of Mrs Eleanor March, of Lock Chase, Blackheath, and the late Mr J R March, at Hampstead Parish Church.
Picture by Belgrave Press Bureau.

Right: Miss Jennifer Lynn Arden, daughter of Mr and Mrs B Arden, of Wedgewood, Tongdean Avenue, Hove, married Mr Michael Winch, son of Mr and Mrs S Winch of Cavendish Mansions, E5, at the Upper Berkeley Street Synagogue. The bride was called to the Bar two months ago, and is one of the youngest barristers in the country.
Picture by Belgrave Press Bureau.

Above: Miss Elisabeth Anne McKay, daughter of Mr J A F McKay, of Phillimore Court, W8 married Mr Richard Hoskyns, son of Mr and Mrs H W W Hoskyns, of the Manor Farm, North Perrott, Somerset, at St James's, Piccadilly. They are spending their honeymoon in Portugal and on their return plan to live in The Hague for two years.
Picture by Belgrave Press Bureau.

Above: Miss Britta von Schulthess, daughter of Mr Alfred von Schulthess, of Geneva, Switzerland, and Mrs Tetzeli, of Mexico, married Mr Jeremy Lloyd, only son of Major-Gen and Mrs R E Lloyd, of Gloucester Terrace, W2. They are on their honeymoon in Mexico, and will return to live in London.
Picture by Society Wedding Press Ltd.

THEATRE

This week the sixth season at the Hampstead Theatre Club opens with its most ambitious, and coherent, programme so far. The first three productions form part of a series called The Living Theatre, the brainchild of the club's founder and artistic director, James Roose Evans.

When describing this project, Mr Evans is understandably nervous of words like documentary, pulpit, platform. Nevertheless, stated in cold descriptive terms, the plays do have this area of connotation. The first play is called *Letters From an Eastern Front*, being the last letters of the men of the German Sixth Battalion which was annihilated at Stalingrad in September 1943.

Informal hearing

This will be followed by *In the Matter of J Robert Oppenheimer*, which is based on an informal hearing in Washington when Oppenheimer had to answer questions about his Communist associations.

Third in the series is a new play by Michael Hastings, *The Silence of Lee Harvey Oswald*, based on all the evidence supplied to the Warren Commission set up to investigate the assassination of President Kennedy.

"These plays attempt, through the medium of the theatre, to examine urgent moral problems that most concern us," says Mr Evans. "Each production poses the question: Who is my neighbour? Living Theatre is, I suppose, an invention of my own. It began when I saw *The War Game*, and I thought: What can we do? I talked to Peter Coe and he suggested the Oppenheimer play and the German letters. Suddenly it all fell into place.

"I do want to avoid the word documentary; the plays will not be like that. They have to rivet people or else they will fail. I think people are going to be shattered and moved. I want them to see something very beautiful, theatrical and moving."

Irritant title

The Hampstead Theatre Club was founded in 1959 with some performances in a church hall. The word club in its title is sometimes an irritant to its personnel, as it is really the only true civic theatre in the London area, being owned by the Camden Borough Council but leased to a theatrical organisation.

As always, a major problem has been – and still is – one of money. In August Mr Evans issued a bald statement that if no help was forthcoming by early September the theatre would have to close.

For the first two years of its life the theatre survived on privately given money. In 1965 Camden won all hearts by awarding a 12-month guarantee against loss of up to £10,000, a guarantee that expired in May this year. The results have been no income, apart from box-office receipts, since then, and the Camden Council did not wish to consider an application for further aid until October.

Long-term support

Within two hours of his announcement, however, Mr Evans was told that the Council had agreed to advance £2,000 immediately. In October, Camden Council and the Arts Council will confer on long-term support.

As Mr Evans is quick to point out, the Hampstead Theatre is in no sense a lavish or wasteful organisation. "We have always operated with great care and maximum economy," he says. During what they refer to as "Camden year," the theatre spent an average of £1,100 on each of 10 productions – a sum which more celebrated companies would think a shoestring budget for scenery alone.

Minimum royalty

Actors have been paid a mere £52 for six weeks' work, and authors received the minimum royalty – an author can expect about £37 for letting Hampstead do his play. The cast of *Happy Family* provided and paid for their own costumes. In fact, overspending for that year was just under £600. "And we have seen other companies fold after a year or so, even though they have enormous subsidies."

Now Mr Evans feels that the Hampstead theatre is finding its own stature; actors like going there (despite the poor wages): "There's a pleasant atmosphere, no starry nonsense and audiences like the surroundings."

Further episodes

So far, Mr Evans has not planned further episodes in his Living Theatre series in any great detail. "At Christmas we shall be doing an anarchistic play for adults called *The Ballad of the False Barman*, and I have commissioned a play about conscientious objectors in the First World War."

It seems as though this strain of overt social conscience in the theatre will be much to the fore in the next few months. Hampstead is taking a decisive lead, but already the National Theatre is planning a think-evening on Cuba for the spring, and Peter Brook is working on something similar, based on Vietnam, for the Royal Shakespeare company.

roger baker

WEST END

openings

Wed 28 Sept: **AN EVENING WITH GEORGE BERNARD SHAW**, Criterion, Piccadilly (WHI 3216). A one-man show by Max Adrian. 8.0

Th 22 Sept: **LOOT**, Jeanetta Cochrane Theatre, Holborn, WC1 (CHA 7040). Author: Joe Orton. Dir: Charles Marowitz. Cast: Michael Bates, Sheila Ballantine, Gerry Duggan, Simon Ward, Kenneth Cranhaus. 7.45

Th 22 Sept: **JORROCKS**, New, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 3878). Music & lyrics: David Heneker. Dir: Val May. Cast: Joss Ackland, Thelma Ruby, Heather Chasen, Paul Eddington, Willoughby Goddard

M 26 Sept: **I MUST BE TALKING TO MY FRIENDS**, Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (WHI 9832). One-man show by Micheal Macliammoir. Until Sat 1 Oct: 7.45. Sat Mat: 2.30

M 26 Sept: **A MATTER OF CHOICE**, Arts Theatre Club, Great Newport Street, WC2 (TEM 3334). Music, drama, comedy and poetry by Sarah Churchill with Hugh Hastings. 7.30. Subs: 8.0. Sat Mat: 5.0. Ends 1 Oct

current

ALIBI FOR A JUDGE, Savoy, Strand, WC2 (TEM 8888). Andrew Cruickshank is the high court judge involved with the pretty wife of a man he's just sent down. 8.0 (ends 10.30). W: 2.30 (ends 4.50). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.20). Opened 4 Aug 1965

ARSENIC & OLD LACE, Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (TEM 4871). Pungent revival of deliciously nasty comedy. Dame Sybil Thorndike and Athene Seyler stir the brew. 8.0 (ends 10.20). W: 2.45 (ends 5.5). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.20). Opened 23 Feb 1966

BEYOND THE FRINGE, 1965, May Fair, May Fair Hotel, Stratton Street, W1 (MAY 3036). It's a bit behind it now, but even the 50th cast change pleasantly revives nostalgia for the good old days of satire. 8.40 (ends 10.50). Th, Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10). Opened 15 Apr 1964 Ends 24 Sept

Barbara Ferris, the sweet little Chelsea girl, in "There's a Girl in My Soup," at the Globe Theatre.

BLACK & WHITE MINSTREL SHOW, Victoria Palace, Victoria Street, W1 (VIC 1317). It would make a fair television show, this. 6.15 (ends 8.30); 8.45 (ends 10.50). Opened 15 May 1962

BOEING-BOEING, Duchess, Catherine Street, WC2 (TEM 8243). Peter Byrne (TV's Andy Crawford) juggles old school friend, three air hostesses and eccentric maid in and out of various doors. 8.0 (ends 10.10). W: 2.45 (ends 4.50). Sat: 5.15 (ends 7.20). Opened 20 Feb 1962

CHARLIE GIRL, Adelphi, Strand, WC2 (TEM 7611). Anna Neagle singing and dancing; Joe Brown and Hy Hazell ditto in a summertime Cinderella fable. 7.30 (ends 10.10). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.30). Sat: 5.30 (ends 8.0); 8.30 (ends 11.0). Opened 15 Dec 1965

Leonard Sachs takes t[illegible]e off from BBC-TV's "Th[illegible] Good Old Days" to app[illegible]r in "Three Men from Col[illegible]ton"

COME SPY WITH ME, W[illegible]ehall, Trafalgar Square, SW1 (W[illegible] 6692). Danny La Rue changes [illegible] drag a dozen times but Barbar[illegible] Windsor does get a look in d[illegible]g the high camp routines. 8[illegible] (ends 10.30). Sat: 5.30 (ends [illegible]; 8.30 (ends 11.0). Opened 31 Ma[illegible] 1966

FOUR DEGREES OVER, [illegible]ortune, Russell Street, WC2 (TE[illegible] 2238). Oxford revue. Dir: John [illegible]. Des: Barry Kay. Cast: Adele [illegible]eston, Bob Scott, David Woo[illegible] John Gould. 8.30. Sat Mat: 6.0. [illegible]pened 15 Sept

HELLO, DOLLY! Theatr[illegible] Royal, Drury Lane, WC2 (TEM 8[illegible]). The transatlantic bombshell [illegible]as become a touch cosy w[illegible]. Dora Bryan wow-wow-wowi[illegible]. 7.30 (ends 10.0). W & Sat: 2[illegible] (ends 5.0). Opened 2 Dec 1965

AN IDEAL HUSBAND, P[illegible]cadilly, opposite Regent Palace H[illegible]tel, WI (GER 4506). Author: Osc[illegible] Wilde. Dir: James Roose Evans. *Fin de siècle* morality amon[illegible]st the Wildest epigrams, togeth[illegible]r with Margaret Lockwood, Richard Todd and Roger Livesey. 7.45 (ends 10.15). Th Mat: 3.0 (ends 5.30). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30); 8.30 (ends 11.0). Opened 13 Aug

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING OSCAR, Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (WHI 9832). One-man show by Micheal Macliammoir. Until Sat 24 Sept: 7.45. Sat Mat: 2.30

JOHNNY MATHIS ENTERTAINS, Prince of Wales, Coventry Street, W1 (WHI 8681). 8.0. W & Sat: 6.0, 8.30. Ends 1 Oct

THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE, St Martin's, West Street, off Cambridge Circus, WC2 (TEM 2443). Hermione Baddeley is now the radio actress who loses her part, and André Melly her lover. 8.0 (ends 10.25). Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.55); 8.30 (ends 11.0). T: 3.0 (ends 5.25). Opened 17 June 1965

THE KING'S MARE, Garrick, Charing Cross Road, WC2 (TEM 4061). Extended bedroom farce with the delectable Glynis Johns playing Anne of Cleves to Keith

Michell's Henry VIII. 8.0 (ends 10.10). W & Sat: 3.0 (ends 5.15). Opened 20 July 1966

LET'S GET A DIVORCE, Comedy, Panton Street, SW1 (WHI 2578). Fenella Fielding, Hugh Paddick and Barry Foster in an admired English version of a Sardou comedy. 8.30 (ends 10.45). W & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10). Opened 26 July 1966

LONDON LAUGHS! Palladium, Argyll Street, W1 (GER 7373). London is actually a bit more sophisticated than this, but Jimmy Tarbuck is engaging, Harry Secombe booming and Anita Harris swinging. 6.15 (ends 8.30); 8.45 (ends 11.0). Sat: 2.40 (ends 4.55). Opened 6 May 1966

THE MAN OF DESTINY and **O'FLAHERTY VC,** Mermaid, Puddle Dock, Blackfriars, EC4 (CIT 7656). Author: G B Shaw. Dirs: Robert Kidd, Peter Gill. Cast: Ian McKellan, Marie Kean, Sian Phillips. M & T: 8.40. W-Sat: 6.10, 8.40. Ends 15 Oct

THE MOUSETRAP, Ambassadors, West End, WC3 (TEM 1171). After 14 years, still a mystery. 8.0 (ends 10.30). T: 2.45 (ends 5.10). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30)

THE MUSICAL WORLD OF BERTOLT BRECHT, Arts Theatre, Great Newport Street, WC2 (TEM 3334). One-woman show by Bettina Jonic. 8.0. Ends 24 Sept

THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE, Wyndham's, Charing Cross Road, WC2 (TEM 3028). Muriel Spark's dry, witty novel in a watery adaptation, but totally redeemed by Vanessa Redgrave in the title role. 8.0 (ends 10.15). W: 3.0 (ends 5.15). Sat: 5.45 (ends 8.0); 8.30 (ends 10.45). Opened 5 May 1966

Simon Ward stars in Joe Orton's "Loot," which opens at the Jeanetta Cochrane Theatre on 22 September.

PUBLIC AND CONFIDENTIAL, Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 5122). John Gregson, as a Tory minister, struggles with his conscience. Constance Cummings is his alcoholic secretary/mistress. 8.0 (ends 10.30). Th Mat: 2.30 (ends 5.0). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30); 8.15 (ends 10.45). Opened 17 Aug 1966

ROBERT & ELIZABETH, Lyric, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 3686). Musical version of The Barretts of Wimpole Street. Conventional in harmony and style, but as comfortable as hot chocolate at bedtime. 7.30 (ends 10.25). Th & Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.25). Opened 20 Oct 1964

SAY WHO YOU ARE, Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1 (WHI 6606). Ian Carmichael and Patrick Cargill have woman trouble, not aided by the insufficiencies of the telephone. M-Th: 8.15 (ends 10.25). F, Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10); 8.45 (ends 10.55). Opened 14 Oct 1965

A SHARE IN THE SUN, Cambridge, Earlham Street, (TEM 6056). Authors: Terence Kelly, Campbell Singer. Dir: Harold French. Cast: Jessie Matthews, Ron Randell, Alan Gifford, John Bentley, Gordon Tanner. 8.0 (ends 10.0). Th Mat: 2.45 (ends 4.45). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.0); 8.45 (ends 10.45). Opened 31 Aug

THE SOUND OF MUSIC, Palace, Cambridge Circus, W1 (GER 6834). The hills are alive with it, and not only that, they've been alive since 18 May 1961. 7.30 (ends 10.25). W & Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.15)

SPRING & PORT WINE, Apollo, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 2663). Bill Naughton's study of a family rebelling against the heavy father, who is Alfred Marks. Ruth Dunning is mother. 8.0 (ends 10.15). Th & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.40 (ends 10.55). Opened 19 Nov 1965

THERE'S A GIRL IN MY SOUP, Globe, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 1592). Barbara Ferris is a sweet little Chelsea bird who meets Donald Sinden, an up-stage cookery writer. Very funny and sharp. 8.15 (ends 10.30). W: 2.30 (ends 4.45). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.45 (ends 11.0). Opened 15 June 1966

WAIT UNTIL DARK, Strand, Theatre, Aldwych, WC2 (TEM 4143). Honor Blackman returns to the stage as the blind wife of a photographer unwittingly involved in dope-peddling. 7.45 (ends 10.5). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.20). Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.50); 8.30 (ends 10.50). Opened 27 July 1966

REPERTORY

ENGLISH STAGE COMPANY, Royal Court, Sloane Square, SW1 (SLO 1745). THREE MEN FOR COLVERTON. Author: David Cregan. Dir: Desmond O'Donovan. Sex and religion in a backward Midland community. 7.30. Sat Mat: 3.0

NATIONAL THEATRE COMPANY, Queen's Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (REG 1166). Th 22, F 23, Sat 24 Sept: A FLEA IN HER EAR. Author: Georges Feydeau. Prototype in-and-out-of-doors farce. 7.30 (ends 10.0). Sat Mat: 2.15 (ends 4.45)

M 26 Sept: OTHELLO. Olivier's greatest impersonation. 7.30 (ends 10.40).

T 27, W 28 Sept: A BOND HONOURED by Osborne and BLACK COMEDY by Shaffer. The most controversial play of recent months paired with the funniest. 7.30 (ends 10.15). W Mat: 2.15 (ends 5.0). Old Vic, Waterloo Road, SE1 (WAT 7616)

Th 22, F 23 Sept: MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. Revival of Zeffirelli's diverting, controversial production. 7.30 (ends 10.30). Th Mat: 2.15 (ends 5.10)

Sat 24 Sept: TRELAWNY OF THE "WELLS." Pinero's touching backstage story. 2.15 (ends 5.0). 7.30 (ends 10.15)

T 27, W 28 Sept: LOVE FOR LOVE. Peter Wood's golden production of Congreve's flawed classic. 7.30 (ends 10.15)

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY, Aldwych, Strand, WC2 (TEM 6404). Th 22, Sat 24 Sept: TANGO by Mrozek. Michael Williams is the son who comes home to reorganise his family. 8.0 (ends 10.15)

F 23, M 26, W 28 Sept: DAYS IN THE TREES by Marguerite Duras. Peggy Ashcroft in virtuoso performance. 8.0 (ends 10.5)

Sat 24, T 27 Sept: THE METEOR by Durrenmatt. Patrick Magee as a twice-resurrected man. Sat: 2.30 (ends 4.30). T: 8.0 (ends 10.0)

CLUBS

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE CLUB, 98 Avenue Road, NW3 (PRI 9301). LAST LETTERS FROM AN EASTERN FRONT with Robert Booth, Robert Bernal, Richard Gale. 8.0. Sat: 5.0, 8.15

INTERNATIONAL THEATRE CLUB, Lamda Theatre, Logan Place, Earls Court Road, W8 (FRE 7071). NEVER SAY DIE with Richard Goolden. 8.0. Sun: 5.0, 8.0

LITTLE ANGEL MARIONETTE THEATRE, 14 Dagmar Passage, Cross Street, N1 (CAN 1787). THE LITTLE MERMAID. Sat 24 Sept: 3.0, 5.0. Sun 25 Sept: 3.0. A special show for the very young. Sat: 11.0

Barbara Windsor becomes increasingly involved during the high camp routines in "Come Spy With Me."

LITTLE THEATRE, Garrick Yard, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (COV 0660). A SLEEP OF PRISONERS. Until Sun 25 Sept: 8.0

PERIMETER

ASHCROFT THEATRE, Fairfield Hall, Croydon (CRO 9291). WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF? with Joyce Heron. Until Sat 24 Sept: 7.45. Sat: 3.0, 8.0

GOLDERS GREEN HIPPODROME, NW11 (SPE 0022). TEE ODD COUPLE with Jack Klugman, Victor Spinetti. Until Sat 24 Sept: 8.0. Th & Sat Mats: 2.30

NEW THEATRE, Bromley, Kent (RAV 6677). SUITE IN THREE KEYS. 7.45. Th Mat: 2.30. Sat: 5.15, 8.0

RICHMOND THEATRE, The Green, Richmond (RIC 0088). SHOOTING PARTY with Nicholas Parsons. 7.45. Sat: 5.30, 8.15

WIMBLEDON THEATRE, SW19 (WIM 5211). WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF? with Jessica Dunning, Bill Owen. Until Sat 24 Sept: 7.30. Th Mat: 2.30. Sat: 5.0, 8.15

OUT OF TOWN

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE THEATRE, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire (0789-2271). F 23, W 28 Sept: TWELFTH NIGHT. Diana Rigg assumes boy's clothes as Viola in Clifford Williams's aromatic production. 7.30

Sat 24 Sept: HENRY IV PART I. 2.30. HENRY IV PART II. 7.30. Dirs: John Barton, Trevor Nunn and Clifford Williams

YVONNE ARNAUD THEATRE, Millbrook, Guildford, Surrey (0483-60191). Until Sat 24 Sept: ANGIE AND ERNIE. Authors and directors: Peter Jones, K B Laffan. A comedy of marriage with Peter Jones, Nerys Hughes, Anna Wing, Charles Lloyd Pack. 7.45. Th Mat: 2.30. Sat: 5.0, 8.15

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FILMS

The realism that Andrew V McLaglen is bringing back to the Western seems to be spreading over the border to Canada. In the depth of the most beautiful scenery ever seen on the colour screen, the young Canadian director, Sidney Hayers, has made *The Trap* (A, Leicester Square Theatre, currently). Here's a tough-but-tender love story that often keeps one on the very edge of one's seat and rivets one to the characters of Jean La Bête, a thick-set, black-bearded trapper who survives in the very heart of the wilds, and Eve (Rita Tushingham), a mute bondmaiden whom he buys as a bride for two bags of gold-dust.

In their separate ways, they are both as untamed, unbending as the rivers, mountains and forests through which they must forge to form the pattern of their present and future. An uneasy relationship springs up between them—they become reliant on each other in spite of themselves. The girl is unwilling to yield to the trapper's rough advances, but receives much

Norman Jewison, who made "The Russians are Coming, the Russians are Coming," will direct Rod Steiger and Sidney Poitier in "In the Heat of the Night."

from him in that she learns to fend for herself.

The very best of the film is its mid-section, when, following a hair-raisingly thrilling fight with wolves, with the girl racing to save the trapper from ending as a fox in the grip of hounds, she has to call on all her courage and strength of character to keep La Bête alive. After this segment, the film does tail off a little in the last 15 minutes, when the makers seem to be searching for a sentimental twist that is really uncalled for.

Both stars involve themselves thoroughly with their characters, completely submerging any memories of either in other roles, so that they *are* La Bête and Eve right from the start, and gradually make the audience warm to their story, which seems excitingly real; it proves conclusively that the more depth an actor gives a part, the more emotional impact on an audience, the more the satisfied feeling at the end of the film.

Certainly Reed has never been better; and Tushingham does a remarkble job of making Eve delicate, never-quite-vulnerable and utterly sympathetic—all without saying a word.

david quinlan

OPENING

THE GROUP (X). Directed by Sidney Lumet, the film covers the careers of eight college girls in the 1930s, their experimenting with social reform, sex, marriage, motherhood and work. Joan Hackett's portrayal of Dottie is particularly memorable. (Candice Bergen, Elizabeth Hartman, Shirley Knight. Col. 146 min.) *London Pavilion, Piccadilly Circus.* GER 2982. Opens 23 Sept

THE NAKED PREY (A). An unusual American-South African co-production, produced and directed by Cornel Wilde, in which he plays a man on the run from lion-hunters without weapons or food. A kind of Robinson Crusoe adventure story set in South Africa in the mid-19th century, with more than its fair share of blood and excitability. (Gert van dem Berg, Ken Gampu. Col. 95 min.) *Plaza, Piccadilly Circus.* WHI 8944. Opens 22 Sept

WEST END

ARABESQUE (A). Sophia Loren and Gregory Peck puzzle over a devious plot involving an intrigue to assassinate a Middle-Eastern prime minister and an indecipherable message in hieroglyphics. Cinematic high jinks are taken to excess, though the film is sporadically amusing. (Alan Badel, Kieron Moore. Col. 105 min.) *Prince Charles, Leicester Place.* GER 8181. 1.45, 4.15, 6.40, 9.10. Sat only: 11 pm. Sun: 2.0, 4.30, 6.55, 9.25. Ends 28 Sept

BATTLE OF THE BULGE (A). Modern warfare effectively shown as the stuff of Cinerama. (Henry Fonda, Robert Shaw, Pier Angeli. Col. 163 min.) *Coliseum, St Martin's Lane.* TEM 3161. 2.30, 8.0. Sat: 2.0, 5.20, 8.45, 11.45. Sun: 4.0, 7.30

THE BLUE MAX (A). George Peppard plays an unscrupulous German flier, prepared to do anything to gain the Blue Max, the most coveted medal in the Kaiser's air force. A certain winner with aviation fanatics. (James Mason, Ursula Andress. Col. 155 min.) *Metropole, Victoria.* VIC 4673. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.0, 8.0

THE CHASE (X). Set in Texas; directed by Arthur Penn. A young man (Robert Redford) breaks jail, becomes a murder suspect and the object of mob violence. Marlon Brando is utterly convincing as the sheriff, but the plot is very novelettish. (Jane Fonda, James Fox, E G Marshall. Col. 134 min.) *Odeon, Leicester Square.* WHI 6111. 12.46, 3.25, 6.4, 8.43. Sat only: 11 pm. Sun: 3.20, 5.30, 8.10

DARLING . . . (X). Director John Schlesinger attempts to lay bare the decadence of contemporary life but succeeds only in a misplaced and rather aimless bitterness. (Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, Laurence Harvey. 127 min.) *Windmill, Great Windmill Street.* GER 7413. 1.0, 3.33, 6.8, 8.45. Sat only: 11 pm. Sun: 4.0, 6.33, 9.8

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO (A). The long-awaited production of Boris Pasternak's novel, directed by David Lean. Omar Sharif smoulders as Yuri Zhivago, and Julie Christie is unforgettable as Lara. Good entertainment. (Geraldine Chaplin, Tom Courtenay, Alec Guinness, Ralph Richardson. Col. 193 min.) *Empire, Leicester Square.* GER 1234. 2.30, 7.30. Sat only: 11.30 pm. Sun: 3.0, 7.30

FANTASTIC VOYAGE (U). A scientist escapes from behind the Iron Curtain, but suffers a severe head injury. In an attempt to save his life, a team of doctors board a submarine, which is shrunk and injected into his body. Clever trick photography by Ernest Laszlo. (Stephen Boyd, Raquel Welch, Donald Pleasence. Col. 104 min.) *Carlton, Haymarket.* WHI 3711. 1.10, 3.46, 6.22, 9.0. Sat only: 12.8, Sun: 3.46, 6.22, 9.0

HAMLET (U). Brilliant Russian version directed by Grigori Kozintsev with remarkable visual inventiveness. Innokenti Smoktunovsky is impressively convincing as Hamlet. (Anastasia Vertinska. 149 min.) *Academy Two, Oxford Street.* GER 5129

HOW TO STEAL A MILLION (U). William Wyler's first comedy since *Roman Holiday*, with Audrey Hepburn delicious as an art thief bent on acquiring a Cellini nude, and Peter O'Toole an elegant detective who becomes her partner in crime. (Col. 123 min.) *Rialto, Coventry Street.* GER 3488. 1.18, 3.44, 6.10, 8.36. Sat only: 11.33 pm. Sun: 3.28, 5.57, 8.27

I WAS HAPPY HERE (A). Desmond Davis's film traces the gradual disillusionment of Cass (Sarah Miles), who leaves her unsympathetic husband (Julian Glover) and returns to her native Irish village to recapture a former love affair. (Sean Caffrey, Cyril Cusack. 91 min.) With: *The Mistress* (X). *Berkeley, Tottenham Court Road.* MUS 8150. Pgm: 1.30, 4.30, 7.35. Sun: 4.30, 7.35

KALEIDOSCOPE (U). Consciously trendy, flimsy story of the affair between an American gambler (Warren Beatty) and the owner of a fashionable Chelsea boutique (Susannah York), and the system he devises for winning a fortune at cards. Quite fun in its way. (Eric Porter, Clive Revill. Col. 93 min.) *Warner, Leicester Square.* GER 3423. 1.50, 4.11, 6.44, 8.59. Sat only: 11.35 pm. Sun: 3.30, 5.58, 8.31

KHARTOUM (U). Colossal battle scenes and an all-star cast have been added with strict historical accuracy. Charlton Heston plays General Gordon and Laurence Olivier the Mahdi. (Ralph Richardson, Richard Johnson. Col. Cinerama. 130 min.) *Casino, Old Compton Street.* GER 6877. 2.30, 7.45. Sat: 2.0, 5.20, 8.40, 11.45. Sun: 4.30, 7.50

THE LIQUIDATOR (A). Variation on the espionage theme, but the low-comedy dialogue gives Rod Taylor and Trevor Howard very little chance to make anything of such unsubtle surroundings. The girls are woefully weak. (Jill St John, Eric Sykes, Akim Tamiroff, Wilfrid Hyde-White. Col. 104 min.) *Ritz, Leicester Square.* GER 1234. 12.30, 2.40, 4.50, 7.0, 9.10. Sat only: 11.36 pm. Sun: 2.30, 4.40, 6.50, 9.0. *Jacey, Marble Arch.* MAY 6396. 12.44, 3.16, 5.48, 8.20. Sun: 3.30, 5.52, 8.24

MY FAIR LADY (U). Rex Harrison carries the film along in commanding style, with Audrey Hepburn as a spirited, though rather inadequate, Liza. Great vitality, but played just a little too safe. (Stanley Holloway, Wilfrid Hyde-White. Col. 185 min.) *Studio One, Oxford Street.* GER 3300. 1.0, 4.30, 8.0. Sun: 3.40, 7.0

OTHELLO (U). Faithful record of the National Theatre production, with Laurence Olivier giving a performance that salutes greatness as the Moor. (Maggie Smith, Frank Finlay. Col. 170 min.) *Odeon, Haymarket.* WHI 2738. 2.30, 7.30, Sat: 12.30, 4.5, 7.45. Sun: 4.30, 8.0

SHAKESPEARE WALLAH (A). The fortunes of an English Shakespearean touring company, shot in India by an American director, James Ivory. (Sashi Kapoor, Geoffrey Kendal, Laura Liddell. 118 min.) With: *Volcano* (U). *Academy One, Oxford Street.* GER 2981. Pgm: 12.40, 4.5, 7.40. Sun: 4.5, 7.40. Ends 28 Sept

THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER (X). A good old-fashioned thriller, directed by Costa Gavras with polish and expertise. Simone Signoret as a down-and-out actress, and Yves Montand as the police inspector give immaculate performances. (92 min.) *La Continentale, Tottenham Court Road.* MUS 4193. 1.30, 4.0, 6.35, 9.5. Sun: 4.0, 6.35, 9.5. *Paris-Pullman, Drayton Gardens.* FRE 5895. 2.30, 4.45, 6.55, 9.15. Sat only: 11 pm. Sun: 5.0, 6.15, 9.25

THE SOUND OF MUSIC (U). Hosts of children and singing nuns. Christopher Plummer is the somewhat authoritarian father of the brood and Julie Andrews another wholesome governess. (Peggy Wood, Eleanor Parker. Col. Todd-AO. 170 min.) *Dominion, Tottenham Court Road.* MUS 2[illegible]6. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.30, 8.0

SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER (X). One of the best of the Tennessee Williams plays so far filmed, with Taylor and Hepburn vying for acting honours. Startlingly effective, and not for the squeamish. (Elizabeth Taylor, Katharine Hepburn, Montgomery Clift. [illegible] min.) With: *The Grip of Fear* (X). *Columbia, Shaftesbury Avenue.* REG 5414. Pgm: 1.5, 3.10, [illegible].0. Sat only: 11 pm. Sun: 3.0, 7.[illegible]

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS (U). A revival of Cecil B de Mille's lavish pseudo-marathon. Much reverence but little historical sense. Extras by the thousand. (Charlton Heston, Yul Brynner, Yvonne de Carlo. Col. [illegible] min.) *Astoria, Charing Cross Road.* GER 5385. 2.0, 7.0. Sun: 6.0

THE TRAP (A). A sentimental adventure story, set in 19th century British Columbia. Rita Tushingham plays Eve, a dumb servant girl, sold as a wife to an uncouth trapper (Oliver Reed) whom she detests, but, inevitably, comes to love. (Col. 106 min.) *Leicester Square Theatre.* WHI 5252. 1.45, 4.5, 6.30, 8.55. Sat only: 11 pm. Sun: 4.5, 6.30, 8.55

THE WAR GAME (X). An imaginary nuclear attack on Britain, written and produced (for BBC television) by Peter Watkins. (50 min.) With: *Four in the Morning* (X). *Classic, Piccadilly Circus.* GER 2380. Pgm: 12.15, 1.5, 3.35, 6.5, 8.35. Sat only: 11.15 pm. Sun: 12.45, 3.10, 5.40, 8.10

THE WAR IS OVER (X). Alain Resnais's latest investigation into the past and present. A veteran of the Spanish Civil War (Yves Montand), now living in France, dwells on the effect the past has had on him. (Ingrid Thulin. 121 min.) *Cameo-Poly, Upper Regent Street.* LAN 1744. 1.10, 3.30, 6.0, 8.30. Sun: 3.45, 6.10, 8.30

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF? (X). A middle-aged couple and their violent, utterly destructive quarrels in which they ruthlessly tear at one another's weaknesses. Well played by Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. (George Segal, Sandy Dennis. 132 min.) *Curzon, Curzon Street.* GRO 3737. 12.50, 3.20, 5.55, 8.25. Fri & Sat only: 11 pm. Sun: 3.0, 5.30, 8.10

DISTRICT DIRECTORY

• *Sunday programme differs:*

Baker Street Classic. 15, 46.
Belmont Essoldo. 11, 40.
Brixton Classic. 18, 48.
•**Brixton Granada.** 7, 42.
•**Camberwell Grand.** 1, 31.
Charing Cross Jacey. 26.
Chelsea Classic. 21, 22.
Chelsea Essoldo. 11, 32.
Croydon Classic. 10.
Crystal Palace Granada. 46.
Dalston Classic. 44, 47.
Ealing Walpole. 7.
East Ham Granada. 7.
Edgware Road ABC. 49.
Edgware Road Gala-Royal. 12.
Eltham Hill Gaumont. 19.
Finchley Rex. 43.
Finsbury Park Astoria. 7.
Fulham Road ABC. 49.
Golders Green Ionic. 12, 35.
Hackney Essoldo. 32.
Hampstead Classic. 11.
Hampstead Everyman. 14, 27.
Harringay Curzon. 29, 36.
Hendon Gala. 17, 23.
Hendon Gaumont. 7.
Highams Park Regal. 12.
•**Islington Rex.** 33.
Kilburn Classic. 20.
Kilburn Grange. 7.
Kingston Odeon. 19.
Leytonstone Rialto. 7
Notting Hill Classic. 5, 8, 38.
Notting Hill Gaumont. 7.
Oxford Street Cinephone. 25.
Palmers Green Queen's Hall. 7.
Piccadilly Jacey. 34.
Praed Street Classic. 24.
Putney Globe. 4.
Queensbury Essoldo. 2, 30.
Raynes Park Rialto. 6, 11.
Richmond Gaumont. 19.
South Harrow Odeon. 7.
Southend Odeon. 46.
•**Southfields Plaza.** 6, 11.
Stockwell Classic. 45.
Stoke Newington Coliseum. 30, 39.
Tooting Astoria. 3, 32.
Tooting Classic. 41.
Tottenham Palace. 7.
Victoria Biograph. 28, 48.
Victoria Cameo. 13, 37.
Wandsworth Road Granada. 16.
Waterloo Station Classic. 20.
Westbourne Grove International Film Theatre. 9.

ADVENTURE

1 **Against All Flags** (U). Errol Flynn, Maureen O'Hara. Until Sat: Camberwell Grand

2 **The Great Wall** (A). Shintaro Katsu. Until Sat: Queensbury Essoldo

3 **The Long Ships** (A). Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier. Until Sat: Tooting Astoria

COMEDIES

4 **Alfie** (X). Michael Caine. Until Sat: Putney Globe

5 **Boccaccio '70** (X). Sophia Loren, Anita Ekberg, Romy Schneider. Mon, four days: Notting Hill Classic

6 **The Great Race** (U). Tony Curtis, Jack Lemmon. Sun, seven days: Raynes Park Rialto. Mon, six days: Southfields Plaza

7 **Heavens Above!** (A). Peter Sellers. Fri, seven days: Ealing Walpole, Finsbury Park Astoria, Hendon Gaumont, Kilburn Grange, Notting Hill Gaumont, Tottenham Palace, South Harrow Odeon, Palmers Green Queen's Hall, Leytonstone Rialto. Sat, six days: East Ham Granada. Mon, five days: Brixton Granada. With: The Wrong Arm of the Law (U)

8 **The Ladykillers** (U). Alec Guinness, Peter Sellers. Fri, three days: Notting Hill Classic. Late show Sat 11.15 pm

9 **Morgan, A Suitable Case for Treatment** (A). Vanessa Redgrave, David Warner. Until Sat: Westbourne Grove International Film Theatre

RANK RELEASE NORTH

From Fri: THE TRAP (A). A sentimental adventure story set in 19th-century British Columbia. Rita Tushingham – *above* – plays Eve, a dumb servant girl, sold as a wife to an uncouth trapper (Oliver Reed) whom she detests but, inevitably, comes to love. Directed by Sidney Hayers against magnificent scenery. (Col. 106 min.) With: **The Pad – and How To Use It** (U). Ends Th 29 Sept.

ABC RELEASE NORTH

From Fri: ASSAULT ON A QUEEN (U). An oddly assorted collection of rogues, led by Frank Sinatra, salvage a sunken U-boat and hold up the *Queen Mary* by threatening to torpedo it. Highly artificial sets and a script that often verges on the banal. (Virna Lisi – *above* – Tony Franciosa. Dir: Jack Donohue. Col. 106 min.) With: **Waco** (A). Ends Th 29 Sept.

RANK RELEASE SOUTH

From Fri: THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING, THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING (U). Both Americans and Russians are satirically shot at in a film that is funny visually rather than vocally, although tending to outstay its welcome towards the end. (Carl Reiner – *above* – Eva Marie Saint, Alan Arkin. Dir: Norman Jewison. Col. 125 min.) With: **The Invisible Dr Mabuse** (U). Ends Th 29 Sept.

ABC RELEASE SOUTH

From Fri: BIG DEAL AT DODGE CITY (U). A high-spirited comedy of the Old West, deftly directed by Fielder Cook. The action is set largely in one smoke-filled room where the local big-shots are playing their annual game of poker. Henry Fonda – *above* – plays a homesteader and Joanne Woodward is excellent as his wife. (Col. 96 min.) With: **The Old Dark House** (A). Ends Th 29 Sept.

10 **Now, About These Women** (X). Jarl Kulle, Harriet Andersson. Fri, seven days: Croydon Classic. With: Billy Budd (U)

11 **These Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines** (U). Sarah Miles, Stuart Whitman. Fri, seven days: Hampstead Classic. Sun, seven days: Belmont Essoldo, Chelsea Essoldo. Until Sat: Raynes Park Rialto, Southfields Plaza

12 **Tom Jones** (X). Albert Finney, Susannah York. Edgware Road Gala-Royal. Until Sat: Highams Park Regal, Golders Green Ionic

13 **What a Way to Go!** (A). Shirley MacLaine, Paul Newman. Thurs, three days: Victoria Cameo

DRAMA

14 **Bande a Part** (A). Anna Karina, Sami Frey. Mon, seven days: Hampstead Everyman

15 **Battleship Potemkin** (X). Fri 23 Sept, 11.15 pm only: Baker Street Classic

16 **The Carpetbaggers** (X). George Peppard, Carroll Baker. Fri, five days (not Mon & Wed): Wandsworth Road Granada

17 **Les 400 Coups** (X). Jean-Pierre Léaud. Until Sat: Hendon Gala. With: The Face (X)

18 **A House is Not a Home** (X). Shelley Winters, Robert Taylor. Fri, three days: Brixton Classic. With: Maniac (X)

19 **I Was Happy Here** (A). Sarah Miles. Fri, seven days: Eltham Hill Gaumont, Kingston Odeon, Richmond Gaumont. With: Whistle Down the Wind (U)

20 **Jules et Jim** (X). Oskar Werner, Jeanne Moreau. Fri, seven days: Kilburn Classic, Waterloo Station Classic

21 **Lady from Shanghai** (A). Orson Welles, Rita Hayworth. Fri 23 Sept 11.15 pm only: Chelsea Classic

22 **The Lovers** (X). Jeanne Moreau. Fri, three days: Chelsea Classic. Late show Sat 11.30 pm

23 **Morianna** (X). Lotte Tarp. Sun, seven days: Hendon Gala

24 **Paris Blues** (X). Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward. Fri, seven days: Praed Street Classic

25 **The Possessed** (X). Virna Lisi, Philippe Leroy. Oxford Street Cinephone

26 **To Love** (X). Zbigniew Cybulski, Harriet Andersson. Charing Cross Road Jacey

27 **Vivre Sa Vie** (X). Anna Karina. Until Sun: Hampstead Everyman

DOCUMENTARY

28 **This Shocking World** (X). Mon, three days: Victoria Biograph

HORROR

29 **Dracula** (X). Christopher Lee, Peter Cushing. Sun, four days: Harringay Curzon. With: Brides of Dracula (X)

30 **The Exterminators** (X). Richard Wyler, Jany Clair. Until Sat: Stoke Newington Coliseum. Sun, seven days: Queensbury Essoldo

31 **The Mummy's Curse** (X). Mon, three days: Camberwell Grand. With: Creature from the Black Lagoon (X)

32 **The Projected Man** (X). Bryant Haliday, Mary Peach. Until Sat: Chelsea Essoldo, Hackney Essoldo. Sun, six days (not Tues): Tooting Astoria. With: Passport to Hell (X)

MUSICALS

33 **Frankie and Johnny** (U). Elvis Presley. Until Sat: Islington Rex

34 **The Kinky Darlings** (X). Piccadally Jacey. With: Image of Love (X)

THRILLERS

35 **Arabesque** (A). Sophia Loren, Gregory Peck. Sun, seven days: Golders Green Ionic. With: I'd Rather Be Rich (U)

36 **The Ipcress File** (A). Michael Caine. Until Sat: Harringay Curzon

37 **King Kong** (A). Robert Armstrong, Fay Wray. Sun, four days: Victoria Cameo

38 **Middle of the Night** (A). Kim Novak, Frederic March. Fri 23 Sept, 11.15 pm only: Notting Hill Classic

39 **Our Man Flint** (A). James Coburn, Gila Golan. Sun, seven days: Stoke Newington Coliseum

40 **Thunderball** (A). Sean Connery. Thurs 22 Sept only: Belmont Essoldo

WAR

41 **All Quiet on the Western Front** (A). Lew Ayres. Fri, seven days: Tooting Classic

42 **Heroes of Telemark** (U). Kirk Douglas, Richard Harris. Until Fri: Brixton Granada

43 **Von Ryan's Express** (U). Frank Sinatra. Fri, seven days: Finchley Rex

WESTERNS

44 **The Bravados** (A). Gregory Peck, Stephen Boyd. Mon, four days: Dalston Classic

45 **Broken Arrow** (U). Jeff Chandler, James Stewart. Fri, seven days: Stockwell Classic

46 **The Magnificent 7** (U). Yul Brynner, Steve McQueen. Fri, seven days: Baker Street Classic. Late show Sat 11.15 pm. Fri, seven days: Crystal Palace Granada, Southall Odeon

47 **The Man from Laramie** (U). James Stewart. Fri, three days: Dalston Classic

48 **The Rawhide Years** (A). Tony Curtis, Arthur Kennedy. Mon, four days: Brixton Classic. Thurs, three days: Victoria Biograph

PRE-RELEASE

49 **The Liquidator** (A). Rod Taylor, Trevor Howard. Fri, seven days: Edgware Road ABC, Rulham Road ABC

FILMS IN FLIGHT

PAN-AM. Westbound: Walk, Don't Run (Cary Grant, Samantha Eggar, Jim Hutton. Dir: Charles Walters). **Eastbound:** Born Free (Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers. Dir: James Hill). Until 30 Sept

TWA. All flights: Lady L (Sophia Loren, Paul Newman, David Niven. Dir: Peter Ustinov). Until 24 Sept. Arabesque (Sophia Loren, Gregory Peck, Alan Badel. Dir: Stanley Donen). From 25 Sept

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GALLERIES

The newly opened Wright Hepburn Gallery in the newly opened Halkin Arcade can be welcomed for several reasons. While the developers and the traffic between them press the pedestrian into ever narrower verges and automatic collision courses, anywhere that is sheltered from the rain and the cars and where, within reason, one doesn't have to look where one is going, is a blissful precinct. Even now, down St James's way, the browser who wends a zigzag course between the Cuyps and the Elder Breughels in their velvet-hung front windows is engaged on a hazardous venture.

The Wright Hepburn Gallery itself is uncluttered and well lit. It adds variety and interest to the "gallery circuit" that is rather spread out in that part of town between the Fulham Road, the V & A and Knightsbridge corner.

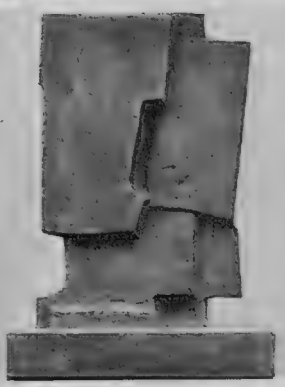
The Wright Hepburn will be concerned with theatre designs, both contemporary and historical. Solo exhibitions, like the present show of Kenneth Rowell, will certainly be featured but they also have other ideas, such as to exhibit together two or three sets of designs from productions currently running in London. How interesting this can be has been already illustrated by the Hockney designs for *Ubu Roi* recently on view at the Kasmin Gallery.

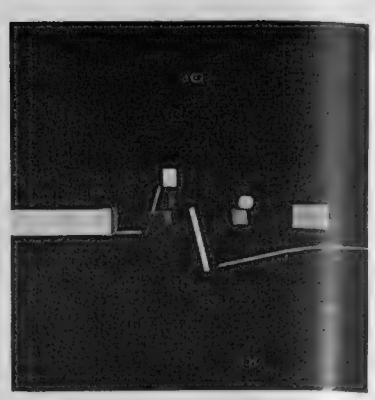
A retrospective exhibition of L S Lowry (b 1887) will open at the Tate on 26 November, and will include landscapes and seascapes as well as industrial scenes.

The aesthetics of using the theatrical designs as pictures on walls is somewhat more open to debate – mainly perhaps on proper grounds of quality, but not altogether so. It is true that we treasure and display drawings which were studies for pictures, and other items such as Baroque masque designs, which can be supremely elegant and satisfying decorations; but what may be an excellent design for translation into the three-dimensional arena that is the stage and which is meant to be viewed from several vertical positions, is not necessarily the provocatively resolved formality that is a satisfying work of art.

One advantage of the 18th century designer was that he drew upon a unity of style from his period, no matter how unconsciously. The stage today is more varied in its formalism, and however hard it tries it invariably appears to be some way behind the progressive style of our time.

keith sutton





Kopf, 1962, by Fritz Wotruba (left) *and Synthetic Construction (projective relief) by Victor Pasmore, both at Marlborough New London.*

OPENING

ARTS COUNCIL, 4 St James Square, SW1. WHI 9737. Structure 1966: Prize winners and others of open Welsh exhibition. 30 Sept-22 Oct. M-Sat 10-6, T & Th 10-8

ALEXANDER CALDER AND MOY KEIGHTLEY, ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. GRO 61-86. Drawings. 28 Sept-29 Oct. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

LISSITSKY (1890-1941), Grosvenor, 28-29 Davies Street, W1. MAY 0891. First London show of famous Russian constructionist. 27 Sept-22 Oct. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

MOMPO, McRoberts and Tunnard, 34 Curzon Street, W1. GRO 3811. First London show of Spanish artists. 28 Sept-29 Oct. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

ALBERT REUSS, O'Hana, 13 Carlton Place, W1. GRO 1562. Surrealist paintings. 27 Sept-15 Oct. M-F 9-6, Sat 9.30-1

MIRA SCHENDEL, Signals London, 39 Wigmore Street, W1. WEL 8044. Drawings by Brazilian draughtsmen. 29 Sept-12 Nov. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

WOODSTOCK, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAY 4419. Stone, Anschutz and Gera – paintings. 26 Sept-15 Oct. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

CURRENT

GILLIAN AYRES, Kasmin, 118 New Bond Street, W1. MAY 2821. New paintings and drawings. Until 8 Oct. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-1

ROLAND BROWSE AND DELBANCO, 19 Cork Street, W1. REG 7984. Group of Gallery Artists. Until 15 Oct. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

RONALD COPPING, John Whibley, 60 George Street, W1. WEL 5161. Recent oils of Spain. Until 6 Oct. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

JIM DINE, Robert Fraser, 69 Duke Street, W1. MAY 7196. Drawings, collages, prints and photographic collaborations. Until 13 Oct. M-F 10-6, Sat 11-1

WALDEMAR D'OREY, Axiom, 79 Duke Street, W1. HYD 6646. Sculpture. Until 30 Sept. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

GARTH EVANS, Rowan, 25a Lowndes Street, SW1. BEL 3490. Recent sculpture. Until 29 Sept. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

JAMES LLOYD, Portal Gallery, 16a Grafton Street, W1. HYD 0706. Yorkshire naïve painter. Until 4 Oct. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

LORD'S, 26 Wellington Road, NW3. PRI 4444. Posters 1890-1940. Until 8 Oct. M-Sat 10-7

MARLBOROUGH NEW LONDON, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. MAY 5161. Sculpture and reliefs: Agam, Armitage, Biedeman, Haeser, Lipchitz, Hepworth, etc. Until 14 Oct. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-1

PICCADILLY, 16a Cork Street, W1. MAY 2875. Mixed Show. Marini, Rear Gallery – Neil Murison. Paintings of sea and cliffs. Through Sept. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

BARBARA ROBINSON, New Art Centre, 41 Sloane Street, SW1. BEL 5844. Recent Paintings. Until 3 Oct. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-

MICHAEL ROTHENSTEIN, Hamilton, 8 St George Street, Hanover Square, W1. HYD 3196. Prints and Constructions. Until 8 Oct. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

KENNETH ROWELL, Wright Hepburn Gallery, 10 Halkin Arcade, Motcomb Street, SW1. Retrospective exhibition. Until 1 Oct. M 2-6, T-Sat 10-6

DAVID SMITH (1906-1965) Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1. TA 4444. Memorial exhibition of influential American sculptor. Until 2 Sept. Also special show – loan of Turner's *The Burning of the House of Commons*, with sketchbooks and water-colours. M-S 10-6, S 2-6. Special exhibitions open 7-8 on Tues and Thur

WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL ART CLUB, Whitechapel, High Street, E1. BIS 1492. Including invited artists such as Alice Baber, F Gillot, S Delaunay and E Frink. Until 2 Oct. T-Sat 11-6, Sun 2-6

SALEROOMS

THURSDAY 22 SEPTEMBER

The Grittleton Marbles, statuary and garden ornaments. 19th century collection of English and Italian romantic schools, including works by Baily, Tadolini, Wyatt, Gibson and others. Pieces include Monti's *Eve after the Fall*, considered to be his masterpiece. 11.0. Christie's

Antique and modern furniture, old and modern pictures. 11.0. Bonham & Sons, Montpelier Galleries

Musical instruments – mainly violins, with some woodwind. 11.0. Puttick & Simpson

TUESDAY 27 SEPTEMBER

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ADDRESSES AND VIEWING TIMES

Christie, Manson & Woods Ltd, King Street, SW1 (TRA 9060) – two or three days before sale

Bonham & Sons, Montpelier Galleries, Montpelier Street, SW7 (KNI 9161), and Old Chelsea Galleries, 75-81 Burnaby Street, SW10 (FLA 0460) – one or two days before sale

music

Starting an orchestra in the 'sixties is nearly as hazardous a business as starting a newspaper – except that someone else generally pays for it. The new Ulster Orchestra, who give their first public concert next week, are particularly fortunate in their sponsors, the Northern Ireland Arts Council, which means the Northern Ireland Government. Out of estimated first-year costs of £100,000, they will receive £55,000 – which, until Goodman came along, is more than the big London orchestras got from official sources.

The Ulstermen will be musical pioneers in every sense. They will be the first permanent orchestra in Northern Ireland (except for the resident BBC team, which is a "light" ensemble). They will also be playing in towns up and down the Province which have never heard an orchestral concert before. This, in fact, is how Michael Whewell, an ex-bassoonist who became Arts Council director last year after five years as Lord Harewood's assistant in Edinburgh, can justify

Cleo Laine is to give the first performance of a work specially written for her by Richard Rodney Bennett.

diverting half his total grant to the orchestra. "We are," he points out, "opening up virgin territory. We not only have to create our own concert-going tradition. In some places we shall be the only representative of *any* of the arts. Once the orchestra is accepted, we hope to follow up with drama, art shows, and so on."

With these aims in mind, the Ulster Orchestra has been formed on a suitably modest basis of 24 strings, double wind, horns, and trumpets, and timpani. Occasionally they will join forces with the BBC players. But mostly the 37-strong team will tackle Beethoven, Brahms, Tchaikovsky, and even Vaughan Williams and Bartok unaided.

Two useful policy principles have already been laid down. Distinguished guest artists, besides playing their concertos, will be asked to give "master classes" to the orchestra. And modern works will get programmes in their own right, instead of, as conductor Maurice Miles puts it, "peppering otherwise cosy programmes." The orchestra have already signed Cleo Laine to sing Schoenberg's still neurotic-sounding *Pierrot Lunaire*. That's a scoop which Whewell's former employers, the Edinburgh Festival, would have been more than glad to bring off.

richard last

BALLET

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, Covent Garden, WC2 (COV 1066). Th 22 Sept: CHOPINIANA, Chopin/Fokine, LENINGRAD SYMPHONY, Shostakovich/Belsky, and TARAS BULBA, Russian character ballet. Leningrad State Kirov Ballet. 7.30
F 23 Sept: LA BAYADERE, Minkus/Petipa, GAYANEH, Kachaturian/Imova, and excerpts from CASSE NOISETTE, etc. Leningrad State Kirov Ballet. 7.30
Sat 24, M 26 Sept: SWAN LAKE, Tchaikovsky/Petipa & Ivanov. Leningrad State Kirov Ballet. 7.30. Sat Mat: 2.15
T 27 Sept: CINDERELLA, Prokofiev/Sergeyev. Leningrad State Kirov Ballet. 7.30
W 28 Sept: GISELLE, Adam/Coralli and Perrot. Leningrad State Kirov Ballet. 7.30

OPERA

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE, Rosebery Avenue, EC1 (TER 1672). Th 22, T 27 Sept: THE BARBER OF SEVILLE, Rossini. Conductor: Brydon. 7.30
F 23, W 28 Sept: THE QUEEN OF SPADES, Tchaikovsky. Conductor: Gibson. 7.30
Sat 24 Sept: ORFEO, Monteverdi (in Italian). Conductor: Leppard. 7.30

CONCERTS

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, South Bank, SE1 (WAT 3191). Sat 24 Sept: Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Antonio de Almeida. Soloist: Stephen Bishop, piano. 8.0
M 26 Sept: New Philharmonia Ensemble. Conductor: Sir William Walton. 8.0
T 27 Sept: New Philharmonia Orchestra. Conductor: Pierre Boulez. Soloist: Rudolf Firkusny, piano. 8.0

ROYAL ALBERT HALL, Kensington Gore, SW7 (KEN 8212). Sat 24 Sept: Organ in Sanity and Madness. The Jacques Orchestra, Choral Scholars of King's College, Cambridge. 7.30
Sun 25 Sept: Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Band of the Grenadier Guards. Conductor: Maurice Handford. 7.30

FAIRFIELD HALL, Croydon (CRO 9291). Sat 24 Sept: London Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Constantin Silvestri. Soloist: Margrit Weber, piano. 7.45

RECITALS

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, South Bank, SE1 (WAT 3191). Sun 25 Sept: Louis Kentner, piano. 3.0

WIGMORE HALL, Wigmore Street, W1 (WEL 2141). Sat 24 Sept: Illinois University Contemporary Chamber Players. 3.0
T 27 Sept: Mercedes Olivera, harpsichord. 7.30

FAIRFIELD HALL, Croydon (CRO 9291). Th 22 Sept: Gilbert and Sullivan for All. 7.45
W 28 Sept: John Bigg, piano. 8.0

COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE, Kensington High Street, W8 (WES 1852). Sat 24 Sept: The Parrenin String Quartet. 8.0

ST MARY MAGALENE, Paddington. T 27 Sept: Alastair Ross, organ. 8.0

RECORDS

Andy Williams: The Shadow of Your Smile (CBS: BPG 62633). Andy's remarkably soft yet penetrating voice does full justice to a dozen beautifully romantic songs. But on certain tracks he seems so keen on trying to get perfection in his singing that the lyrics just become rather meaningless. Good examples are *Michelle* and *Yesterday*, which, although beautifully sung, lose a lot away from The Beatles. However, if you like straight singing, this record is the answer: good numbers include *Somewhere*, *A Taste of Honey*, *Bye Bye Blues* and *Try to Remember*. Other tracks worth listening to are *Meditation* and *How Insensitive* – and here Robert Mersey, with Antonio Carlos Jobim, accompanies Andy superbly with a soft, rhythmic backing featuring drums

Joe Tex: The Love You Save (Atlantic: 587009). This is a great record for all dedicated Blues followers. Joe Tex has a sound and style distinctly his own and he sells a Blues with tremendous depth and feeling. The lyrics are typically Blues – tales of love, gloom, dejection, romantic uncertainty. Joe's strong combination of vocalising and talking become firmly etched upon the mind, so that one feels a sense of personal identification. Listen to the strong and compelling *Build Your Love* and compare it with the slow, throbbing, pulse-beat *The Love You Save*, and the innocently suggestive *I Don't Trust Myself Around You*

Susannah Young: Sweetest Sounds (Philips: BL 7728). Heralded as the discovery of the '60s, this LP represents Miss Young's first excursion into the world of records. Her exceptional singing talent, and ability to find deep reserves of understanding, is clearly evident, but at times her dreamy and floating voice tends to become tedious. Most of the tracks are slow ballads, including *Lazy Afternoon*, *Through a Long and Sleepless Night* and *My One and Only Love*, for which her soothing, sophisticated treatment is perfect; but on up-tempo numbers like *Witchcraft*, *This Year's Kisses* and the title song, she fails to capture the gay and buoyant mood required. Still, the overall effect is of a pleasant, easy-to-listen-to album

Gene Pitney: Nobody Needs Your Love (Stateside: 10183). This is my record of the week. Gene scores yet again with a great set of songs. He sings about love, requited and unrequited, sometimes warmly, sometimes fiercely, but always maintaining his highly personal vocal sound. Gene features two previous singles – the title song and *Backstage*. Best of the other excellent tracks are *Dream World*, *Eyes Track* and *Angelica*. Note his ability to caress and belt out the lyric in the same arrangement here

deirdre leigh

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GOOD EATING

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White Tower: "Good, but I did not have moussaka, which I reserve for eating in the hills of Greece."

The Guinea: "Excellent, though I shocked them by having lamb chop *à point* – really pink."

Savoy Grill: "Impeccable, epitomises the greatest elegance in London. But I pointed out, with my host's permission, that the double mutton chop I had ordered pink was, in fact, grey. They whipped it away with no indignation."

The speaker is Michael Field, one of America's cookery kings who has just been visiting London . . . he ate around, as you see, and demonstrated in Harrods, too.

His principle for testing London's restaurants: "I always order the most exposed food, since I deplore restaurants in general – they are so hoked-up, so pretentiously elaborated, you can never see the forest for the trees. Besides, what's the point of coming to England for French cooking? I wanted to pick up the particular English culinary ambiance."

French food

The only exception to this rule is Pruniers: "Madame Prunier, whom I know, extends herself when I come. There I order French food."

Michael Field takes his calling seriously, indeed – though far from solemnly. During a weekend's visit to Scotland he went so far as to sample haggis, and reports: "I simply adored it. It tastes of any stuffed German intestinal business – for example, goose neck – but done much more crudely, with oats and innards ground up."

A cheerful, bespectacled New Yorker, Michael Field used to be a classical pianist by profession – "terribly long hair," he puts it. He gave 1,500 concerts all over the world, he gave lectures on Schoenberg and learned monographs on 12-tone music. He cooked, then, as a "gentleman cook, an exalted amateur. I was deeply absorbed in cooking processes, but I never thought to turn professional."

Lost cause

In America the cause of good eating appears to be already lost. There are, Michael Field tells me, few restaurants in the whole USA which are not "notoriously bad." Americans *en masse*, he growls, have completely brutalised palates.

He counter-attacks as best he can by running a cookery school at his flat in New York. Twelve or 14 students attend at a time, and at the end of each 20-dollar session, they all sit down to eat what Michael Field has shown them how to prepare.

He says inspiringly: "The idea is to teach them how to handle the basic materials, how dishes should taste. Food should taste of what it is, but this does not pre-suppose simplicity. Good food is like a Bach fugue. Counterpoint is simple, but at the same time extraordinarily complex."

arthur pottersman

LONDON CHOICE

BENTLEY'S, English (fish only), 11-15 Swallow Street, W1 (REG 6210). Mon-Sat 11.30 am-3 pm, 5.30-11 pm (Sat 10.30). Last orders 10.45 (Sat 10.15). Average bill for two £2 10s-£5 10s. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, American Express*

CAPRICE, French, Arlington Street, W1 (HYD 3183/5154). Mon-Sat 12.30-3 pm and 6.30 pm onwards (last orders 11.45). Average bill for two £5 10s upwards. CREDIT CARDS: *Eurocard*

LA COLOMBINA D'ORO, Italian, 61 Dean Street, W1 (REG 4150, 6875). Open every day from 12-3 pm and 6 (Sundays 6.30) to 11.30 pm. Expect to pay about £4 for two. No credit cards

FUNG TSE YUAN, Chinese, 133 Wembley Park Drive, Wembley (WEM 2391). Every day 11.30 am-3 pm and 6 pm-midnight. Three set menus at 25s, 30s and [illegible]s, plus a number of celebrated sea pieces. No credit cards, but LV's accepted

THE GUINEA, International, 30 Bruton Place, W1 (MA[illegible] 5613). Monday-Friday 12.30-2.30 [illegible]m and 7 pm-midnight (last orde[illegible] 11.15). Saturday, dinner only. Expect to pay at least £3 10s a head, including wine. CREDIT CARDS: [illegible]Diners, *American Express, Barcla*

PARKES, International, Beauchamp Place, SW3 (KE[illegible] 1390). Dinner only 7.30-11.30 pm. [illegible]3 for a four-course *table d'hô*[illegible] meal. You must book well in adv[illegible]ce

SCOTT'S, English, 18-20 [illegible]oventry Street, W1 (GER 7175). D[illegible]er 6-11 pm. The fish dishes are [illegible]obably best. Wines from 20s. CRE[illegible] CARDS: *Diners, American Expres*

VEERASWAMY'S, Ind[illegible]n, 99 Regent Street, W1 (REG[illegible] 1401/3). Dinner 6-12 pm (Sunda[illegible] 7-10.30 pm). Set lunch 18s 6d; [illegible] dinner 21s, and a brief list of *[illegible]a carte* main dishes costing up to [illegible]bout 17s

WHITE TOWER, Greek[illegible] Percy Street, W1 (MUS 8141). [illegible]lon-Sat 12.45-3 pm, 6.45-10.30 pm. [illegible]Average bill for two £5-£6. CRE[illegible] CARDS: *Diners, American Expres*

AROUND TOWN

ANTOINES, 40 Charlotte Street, W1 (MUS 2817). Open Sunday to Friday; closed on Saturdays, from 12-2.30 pm and 6-11 pm. One of the Wheelers group and a very good one, indeed. In fact, I prefer it to, say, the Braganza (which also does meat dishes for non-fish men) because of the cosiness, the resultant friendliness – and, anyway, Charlotte Street isn't too deep in Soho (there, I've offended another group of local patriots). Usual fish dishes, like smoked eel, prawn cocktail, caviare Beluga, whitebait; also avocado pear, which may be served with prawns or crabmeat. The usual 57 varieties of Dover sole, lots of lobsters, a couple of plaice dishes, and trout from plain grilled to *grenobloise* with all that smoked salmon. Flesh, as opposed to fish, ranges from plain grilled chump chop to *chateaubriand* for two. Incidentally, at most places a *chateaubriand* will provide enough for three, which puts this 50-bob or more dish within more eaters' scopes. Sweets have more to offer than the Old Compton Street Wheelers. Samples: *meringue glacé, bombe nesselrode*. Wines come by the glass as well as more amusing quantities. Average bill for two: about £5. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners*

DU BOSKYS, 19 Ridinghouse Street, W1. This Kosher-style delicatessen eatery is a lunch-haunt for weekdays only: Monday to Friday from 11.45 am until about 3 or 3.30 pm. Customers perch not uncomfortably on high stools around the counter and along the walls. Plenty of mirrors – so you can see, while Rosie the waitress serves tasty braised liver and meat balls, which of your rag-trade rivals are eating this week. Usual food: chopped liver, salt beef, new green cucumbers. But last time I was there it seemed from the soup that the chef might be in love . . . very soft and tasty *latkes*, but why no *chrane*, Mrs B? For sweets there will be such filling goodies as cabinet pudding. If the tea is not strong enough, do what my neighbour did the other lunchtime: say to Rosie, "You should *press* it." Well, it is the rag-trade belt. If it's too strong, ask for more lemon. NB: Despite the *mezzuzzah* outside the door, Du Boskys is Kosher-*style*, not strict. This is just the place to recover in, I find, after an exhausting recording session at Broadcasting House round the corner; enough flurry to [illegible]ke your mind off yourself – an[illegible] what's wrong with a good *fre*[illegible] at any time? The best point is [illegible]hat bills will average 10s to 12[illegible] a head at the most

KENSINGTON CLOSE HOTEL, Wrights Lane, W8 (WES[illegible]170). The restaurant serves lunch and dinner every day, of course, from 12.30-2.30 pm and 6.30-9 pm. These one-time service flats have been converting to full hotel over the last five years, and now function as one completely. I fared plainly when I ate here, for though they do dishes like braised York ham Florentine and chicken princesse (I assume that's the one with a creamy, buttery white sauce) I – well – I *felt* like a steak. It was a good one, too. If you go for the *à la carte*, expect to pay about 30s a head, including wine at 17s 6d the carafe. There is also a three-course menu that ranges from 14s to 16s, according to the main dish, and includes things like roast pork, curried lamb, fried fillets of brill. There is commonly a better sweet included in this daily menu than that on the rather small trolley, I should guess. *Petits fours* accompany the so-so coffee. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, American Express, Eurocard*

NIGHT LIFE AND BEST BARS

SPECTACULARS & CABARETS

GEORGIAN, Georgian House, Bury Street, St James's, SW1 (WHI 2797). 12.30 pm-3 pm; 5.30 pm-midnight. Membership 25s. Dinner about £3 per head. Cabaret. Dancing

L'HIRONDELLE, Swallow Street, Piccadilly, W1 (REG 0362). 7 pm-4 am. Dinner, dance, show 55s (Sat £3). Floor show 10.30 pm, 1.30 am. Currently: Mini-Musical

LE PRINCE, 14/16 Bruton Place, Berkeley Square, W1 (MAY 6354). 4.30 pm-4 am. Closed Sundays. Floor show at midnight. Membership 5 guineas. Dinner 45s per head. Dancing till 4 am

LUAGLINO'S, Bury Street, St James's, SW1 (WHI 6767). 7.30 pm-1.30 am, inc Sunday. Cabaret 11.45 pm. Dinner £2 10s. Dancing to 3 bands. Cabaret: The Baker Twins

RONNIE SCOTT'S CLUB, 47 Frith Street, W1 (GER 4752). 8.30 pm-3 am. Annual membership 1 guinea, plus 15s to 25s entrance fee. Dinner 30s-£2. Top American jazz artists at 11 pm. Currently: The Horace Silver Quintet. Ernestine Anderson

TALK OF THE TOWN, Theatre Restaurant, Hippodrome Corner, Leicester Square, WC2 (REG 5051). 8.15 pm-1.15 am. Inclusive charge for 3-course dinner, dancing and show 59s 6d (Mon-Fri); 65s (Sat). *Entertainment:* Pearl Bailey

WINSTON'S, 10 Clifford Street, W1 (REG 5411/5412). 10 pm-4 am. Cabaret at 11.45-1.15 am. Annual membership 1 guinea. Cover charge £1. Dinner about 50s. Dancing, floor show and cabaret

DINNER & DANCE

ANNABEL'S, 44 Berkeley Square, W1 (MAY 3558). 6.30 pm for drinks till late. Food from 7.45 pm. Annual membership 12 guineas. Under 25 membership 5 guineas. Dinner-dancing about £6-£7 per head. Discothèque, late dining club

PLAYBOY CLUB, 45 Park Lane, W1 (MAY 6001). VIP room 7.30 pm-4.30 am. Dinner, dancing and cabaret 3 guineas. Cabaret and dancing at 9 pm, 11 pm & 1 am in the Playroom. Extra shows Sat 7 pm, 10 pm, midnight, 1.30 am. Annual membership 5 guineas, plus 3 guineas invitation fee. Gaming and discothèque

ROOF RESTAURANT, Hilton Hotel, Park Lane, W1 (HYD 8000). Roof bar 11 am-3 pm; 5.30-11 pm (Mon-Sat). Midday-2 pm and 7-10.30 pm (Sun). Restaurant: 12.30-3 pm; 7 pm-1 am (closed Sundays). *A la carte* only £3-£4 per head including wine. French cuisine

THE STABLE, 123 Cromwell Road, SW7 (FRO 1203). 7 pm-2.30 am dinner. Closed Sundays. *A la carte* approx £3 per head including wine. Continental cuisine. Piano 8 pm-10.30 pm. Dancing 10.30 pm-2.30 am to the André Markides Trio. Licensed till 2.30 am

TIBERIO, 22 Queen Street, W1 (MAY 3561). Midday-3 pm lunch (not Sat); 7 pm-3 am. *A la carte* £3 per head. Supper-dancing 11.30 pm-3 am to Olavo Vas and his Group. Licensed till 3 am

VILLA DEI CESARI, 135 Grosvenor Road, SW1 (TAT 7453 & VIC 9872). Closed Mondays. 7.30 pm-2.30 am. Speciality Roman food. Dinner for two with wine about £5-£6. Dancing to 2 bands which includes first drink. Meals about 30s. Restaurant till midnight

DISCOTHEQUES

BIRDLAND, 4 Duke of York Street, SW1 (WHI 1649). 8 pm-1 am. Membership: men £1, ladies 10s per year. Entrance: men 10s, ladies 5s. Light refreshments

BLAISE'S, 121 Queen's Gate, SW7 (KEN 6228). Restaurant 9 pm-2.30 am. Mon-Thurs entrance free to members until 11 pm. Fri 10s. Sat 10s 6d girls, 12s 6d men. Menu about £1 a head. *Entertainment:* Sept 23, The Knack. Sept 27, The She Trinity. Roulette, blackjack

DOLLY'S, 57 Jermyn Street, SW1 (GRO 5927). 10.30 pm-4 am. Closed Sun. No entrance fee. Cover charge 25s which includes first drink. Steaks and spare ribs

EMMA'S (at the Yard Arm), River Thames, WC2 (TRA 3011). 10 pm-3 am. Cover charge, 21s a head which includes first drink. Meals about 30s. Restaurant till midnight

FANNY'S BISTRO, 51 Maddox Street, W1 (MAY 6214). 7.30 pm-3 am. No membership. Cover charge 2s 6d. Minimum charge 21s. *A la carte* menu

SAMANTHA'S, 3 New Burlington Street, W1. New club opening next month. It will have a "James Bond" décor, and coffee bar with outdoor patio

SCOTCH OF ST JAMES'S, 13 Mason's Yard, Duke Street, SW1 (TRA 6109). 10 pm-4 am. Entrance free except gala nights; all guests £1. Grills menu about £1 a head. Bar closes 3 am. Resident groups

SIBYLLA'S, 9 Swallow Street, W1 (REG 7447). 10.30 pm-4 am. Meals approximately 30s a head. Drinks, miniatures 12s 6d. Live group every night. Licensed until 3 am

GAMING

CHARLIE CHESTER CASINO, 12 Archer Street, W1 (GER 7045). Open 24 hours. Life membership 2 guineas. Blackjack, Las Vegas, dice and roulette. Limits 2s 6d and £100. Restaurant and night club

NEW CASANOVA, 52 Grosvenor Street, W1 (MAY 1463). Opens 10 pm. Annual membership 2 guineas. Backgammon, blackjack, roulette and chemin de fer and craps table. Minimum stake 5s. Restaurant at average prices, open till midnight

THE NIGHTINGALE, 28 Berkeley Square, W1 (GRO 1633). Midday until end of play (usually 6 am). Membership. Kalooki and bridge. First-class food in Ian's Room, downstairs, or brought to the table. Fully licensed until 3 am

OLYMPIC CASINO, 79 Queensway, W2 (BAY 2163). Gaming starts 5 pm. Annual membership 2 guineas. Baccarat, blackjack, chemin de fer, American and French roulette, dice, poker, Punto-Banco. Bar in the restaurant but only soft drinks in the casino

PAIR OF SHOES, 21 Hertford Street, W1 (HYD 1801). Open 7.30 pm for dinner and gaming at 10 pm. Membership 10 guineas. Exclusive clientèle. London's original craps game, blackjack and roulette. Bar and restaurant

PALM BEACH CLUB, 30 Berkeley Street, W1 (HYD 6585). Opens 6.30 pm till dawn. Membership £1. Baccarat, chemin de fer, blackjack, roulette, dice, American roulette. Stakes from 5s

THE MARQUIS CORNWALLIS, 31 Marchmont Street, WC1. Delightful, warm atmosphere pub, dating from the 17th century. Huntsmen used to ride over Coram Fields, then (according to guv'nor Stan Haines) "repair to the Marquis for ale and women of easy virtue." There are three bars and an off-licence, the staff embarrass with the speed of their between-rounds service, and the lunchtime hot and cold snacks are excellent

THE CROWN AND TWO CHAIRMEN, 31 Dean Street, W1, claimed to be the only ale house in the world of this name. Formerly it adjoined the Royalty Theatre, and received its present name because the two chairmen of the theatre came into the pub to relax from their administrative cares with a pot of mead. To the locals, however, it is known as "Andy's," after the distinguished old lady who ran it until last year. There are tasty snack lunches made by the staff

THE NAG'S HEAD, James Street, WC2. TEM 4678. Its location in Covent Garden gives it a curiously ambivalent role. In the evening it draws crowds of theatre-goers from the Royal Opera House, and in the first gleams of dawn it is open to porters from the nearby market, from 6.30 am to 9 am. It has a history of some 300 years, but was renovated five years ago. The only survival from the past is a unique collection of playbills decorating the walls. First-class restaurant open till 11 pm

THE ROUND HOUSE, 1 Garrick Street, WC2. TEM 2022. They have a very high food standard, with elegant tables unobtrusively placed round the room. There is also a quality range of snacks available at the bar. Ideal pre-theatre pub for people heading for an evening's entertainment in and around the area. And equally commendable for after-the-show discussion and drinking

YE OLD MITRE TAVERN, 1 Ely Court (off Hatton Garden), EC1. HOL 4751. 11 am-3 pm, 5.30-10 pm, closed Sundays. Delightful drinking backwater, frequented by diamond-brokers, local residents, discriminating tourists and mellow *Mirror* executives. Flora Brooke and husband Cliff dispense cheer, beer and good food, and capsuled histories of the pub, which stands on the site of the first Mitre Tavern, built in 1546 by Bishop Goodrich for his servants. A fossilised cherry tree rears up inside the door of the public bar. And under an ancient charter, police can't enter unless invited by the landlord

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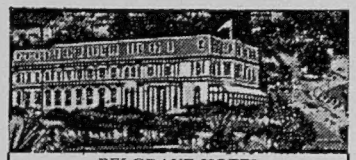

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International
DINER'S
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London Letters

Enjoying life

I find that the young people of London are caught up in an attitude, almost a passive rebellion, against the world as they see it. They have reached the stage where all they want to do is forget the world's problems and enjoy life – and why not? They are not the cause of colour bars, or assasinations, or wars. Why should they worry about things that do not concern them? It is this attitude of "Let them carry on" that interests me. For this reason I shall be continuing my career in London at the first opportunity. **James Quinn, Cumbrae Drive, Motherwell, Scotland.**

Wrong medium

When I rang *The Times* to insert the following advertisement: "Matching right and left half Bank of England notes wanted by ex-Fleet Street journalist in exchange for expert PR representation," the girl asked me to "hang on" while she consulted her boss as to its suitability for the stately columns. But I got only one reply. Perhaps I should have tried *Jet Set Weekly*? **Ray Hampshire, Wanstead, E11.**

Night clubs

As an estate agent specialising in the sale of clubs and restaurants, I find it most amusing to find a certain element of our swinging fraternity constantly slating the opening of many new clubs. Surely the more clubs there are, the higher the standards of comfort, facilities and value will have to be if they are to attract the paying customer? **Jeffrey Rothner, Baker Street, W1.**

Royal Ballet

On 3 September, Ian Woodward reported that I may soon be leaving the Royal Ballet Company. This statement is completely without foundation and has caused me considerable embarrassment. **Ian Hamilton, Southview Drive, Upminster, Essex.**

Les disques de Claque

We enjoyed Angela Ince's latest information on Mr Phillipe du Claque. Although none of us have the good forture to own any of Mr du Claque's records, we will be listening to him avidly from now on. We would also like to assure you of our devoted loyalty to Twitch and the Terrible Seven – we may even name a group after him. **Leno Rothschild, Hollywood.**

Cheap LPs

Could anyone enlighten me on the subject of the cheap prices of many long-playing records? It amazes me that it is possible to buy a record for 10s with a quality of reproduction that sounds as good as one that might have cost me 35s. How do the makers produce the fine quality at such low-level prices? **J Maddox, Bury Walk, SW3.**

Little boxes

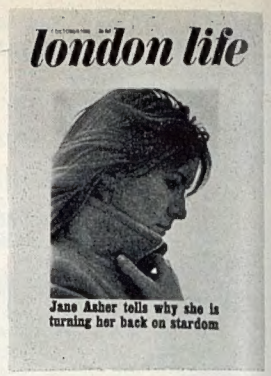
Driving through Kingsway, I stopped at the traffic lights where there were no boxes for vehicles to enter. The result was a jam in which I was stuck for at least 10 minutes while five cars – myself included – attempted to disentangle themselves. So please let's have more boxes, especially in Kingsway. **T White, Cornwall Gardens, SW7.**

Unlucky–or honest?

In your feature, "People on Holiday," 10 out of 11 snaps were taken in blazing sunshine. Why is it that everybody else always has the heat-waves when they go on holiday, while I seem to have at least five rainy days? Is it because I'm unlucky – or simply more honest? **Margaret Cooper, St John's Wood, NW8.**

British politeness

I thought you British were supposed to be so polite. When I went into a well-known Regent Street jewellers to buy myself a cheap, oval-shaped watch, the assistant told me that I'd be lucky to find one that actually worked for under £6. Being undecided, he advised me that I'd be better off shopping down Petticoat Lane: "They've got just the thing for *your* sort down there." **Mrs Susanna Beane, New York City.**



The profile
belongs to a girl
you've often seen, heard
and applauded;
who flits in and out of the
headlines with
delightful insouciance,
but who remains an enigma
that

london life

sets out to solve
in next week's issue:
Jane Asher
most eligible candidate
for the Spirit of 1966
(though she herself
wishes she were
Pre-Raphaelite)

NEXT WEEK NEXT WEEK

london life

takes a dive into wool
and comes up with
tweedy treasure, knitted love
perfect for the time
of year;
nothing could be further
from the stuffy image
of the
overdressed sheep;
and talking of Autumn

london life

goes deeply into the
subject of October,
the tantalising month
when winter stirs excitingly;
the month with a mystique
all its own

PLUS PLUS PLUS

the pick of the happenings,
the heart of the scene,
the night-clubs, the right clubs,
the plus theatres,
the required films,
listed for your pleasure

NEXT WEEK NEXT WEEK

london life

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A boy. A girl. A lonely beach. A sleepy lagoon. Add a hot, Bahama sun. A trade wind or two. Mix with the heady scent of wild, tropic flowers. And the magic begins. Yes. Paradise is an island in the Bahamas. And it's July. (It always is!) Here winter sports means scuba diving, water skiing, aqua planing. Or pick a palm and don't just do something...lie there! Then get to bed early. Say 6 a.m... Bahamian nightlife is like that. Gay, uninhibited, something you'll still be talking about long after your holiday is over. If you ever go home.

Leave London midday. Arrive in Nassau in time for a tropic dinner. You can do it any day by scheduled BOAC Super VC10—and now there are increased services to the Bahamas. Let your Travel Agent take care of everything for you. See him. Now.

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Send me details. Quick! TO: BAHAMAS MINISTRY OF TOURISM,
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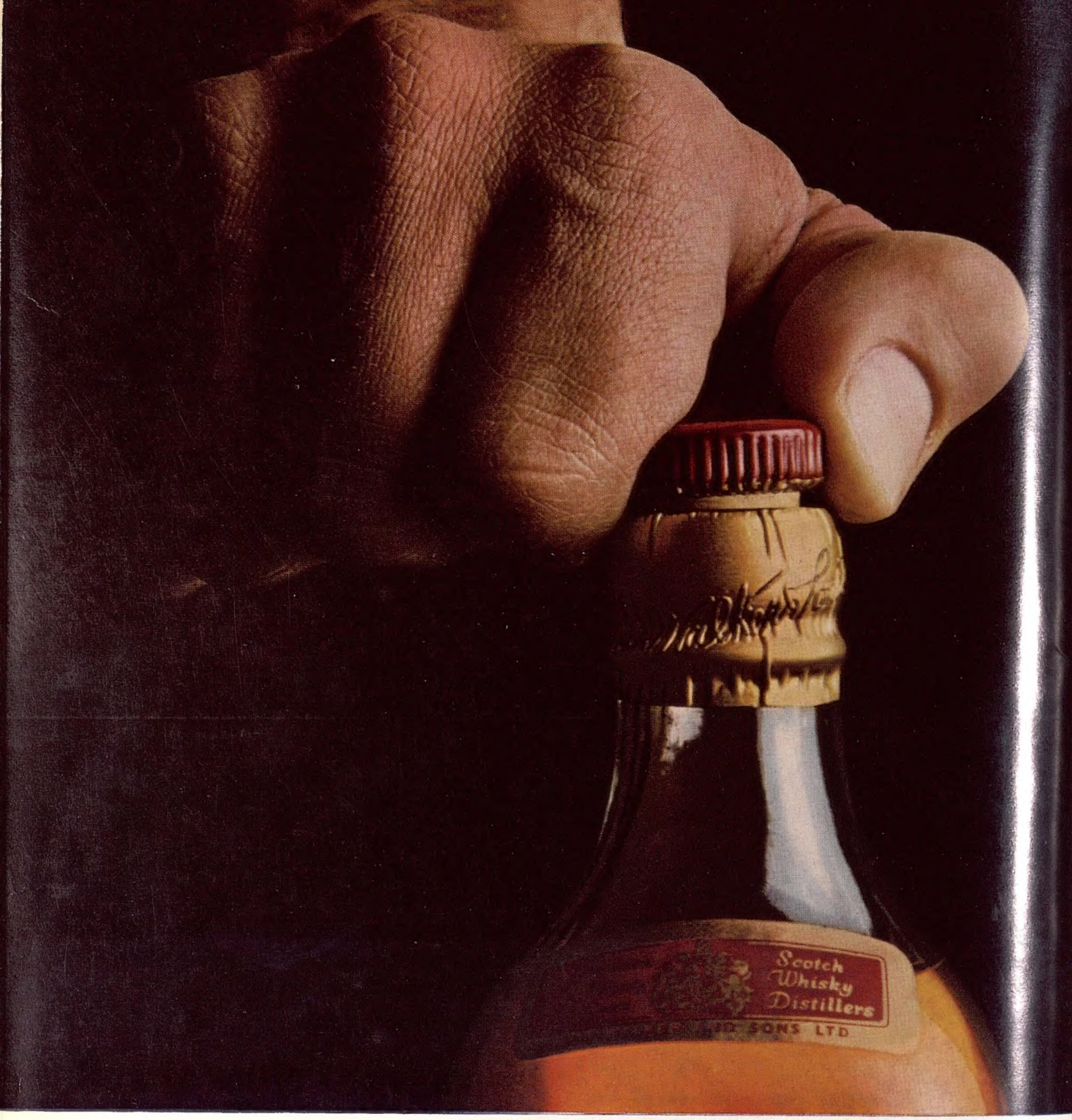

Johnnie Walker—strictly for whisky drinkers

How to settle an argument

Make your opponent comfortable. On the table beside his chair set up your big guns: a square bottle of Johnnie Walker, glasses, soda and water. Then pretend to be tying your shoe laces when you see defeat in his eyes.

After all, the Johnnie Walker drinker discovered long ago there was only one perfect scotch. So why not be magnanimous?

THE QUEEN'S AWARD TO INDUSTRY